THE AMERICAN WEST

Cover: By 1874 when genre painter William Hahn created his charming oil Yosemite Valley from Glacier Point, *a detail of which is reproduced on our cover, tourists were making their way into the remote Sierra valley in ever increasing numbers. Western artists were also drawn to the region, and it inspired some of the most splendid canvasses of such painters as Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, and Thomas Hill. An overview of Yosemite's nineteenth-century artists and a sampling of their work begins on page 34 of this issue.*

COVER PAINTING COURTESY OF THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO / LOS ANGELES

COLLECTION OF THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

During a brief period in the early nineteenth century, free-spirited mountain men roamed the West in search of beaver. It was glorious work for the bold young adventurers involved, but it also meant periods of danger and intense hardship as well. Alfred Jacob Miller's circa 1860 watercolor Trapping Beaver, *above, suggests not only the wild beauty of the land these men ranged, but some of the grimness of their task, as two men set traps in an icy stream. For an essay that encompasses both the rigors and the glories of the mountain man's life, turn to page 4.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We are pleased to share with our readers the news that at awards ceremonies on April 26 in Anaheim, California, *The American West* received the Western Publications Association's 1978 award for best consumer magazine in the western United States. This is the association's most coveted honor in a competition involving more than one hundred major consumer magazines published in the fourteen far western states. Awards in the annual competition are made on the basis of excellence in editorial content, graphic design, and overall presentation.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK COLLECTION, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

A JAUNTY SET of early-day tourists, above, wash their handkerchiefs in a hot pool at Yellowstone National Park. English writer Rudyard Kipling, whose account of his Yellowstone adventures begins on page 24, remarked that the al fresco laundering "appeared to be a sort of religious rite," but by then he had become so charmed by the American Girl that he joined in with enthusiasm. "It turned the linen white as driven snow in five minutes, and then we lay on the grass and laughed with the sheer bliss of being alive."

THE AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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THE MOUNTAIN MEN

by William H. Goetzmann

THEY NUMBERED no more than a thousand and their heyday lasted less than twenty years, but the mountain men made their mark on American and world history. Since that time in the early-nineteenth century when, alone or in small groups, they ventured out across the wide Missouri into the trackless Rockies, they may have been cleaned up, their stories bowdlerized, their attitudes toward Native Americans and grizzly bears prettified, their exploits exaggerated or scaled down by the scientific scrutiny of historians; they may even have been mythologized all out of proportion (which many of them would have laughed about and liked), but they can never be forgotten or ignored. Theirs was a quintessentially unique American experience of practical as well as symbolic significance. It is important to emphasize their uniqueness. No other country has produced such a creature—"critter" they would have said. There he stands, remote as Neanderthal man in some ways, with his rude costume of buckskin, his "possibles sack," his Hawken rifle and clanging beaver traps, peering alertly and intently out from under his low-crowned, wide-brimmed, feather-decked hat at some far horizon where destiny and opportunity and danger await—as alive today as he was yesterday.

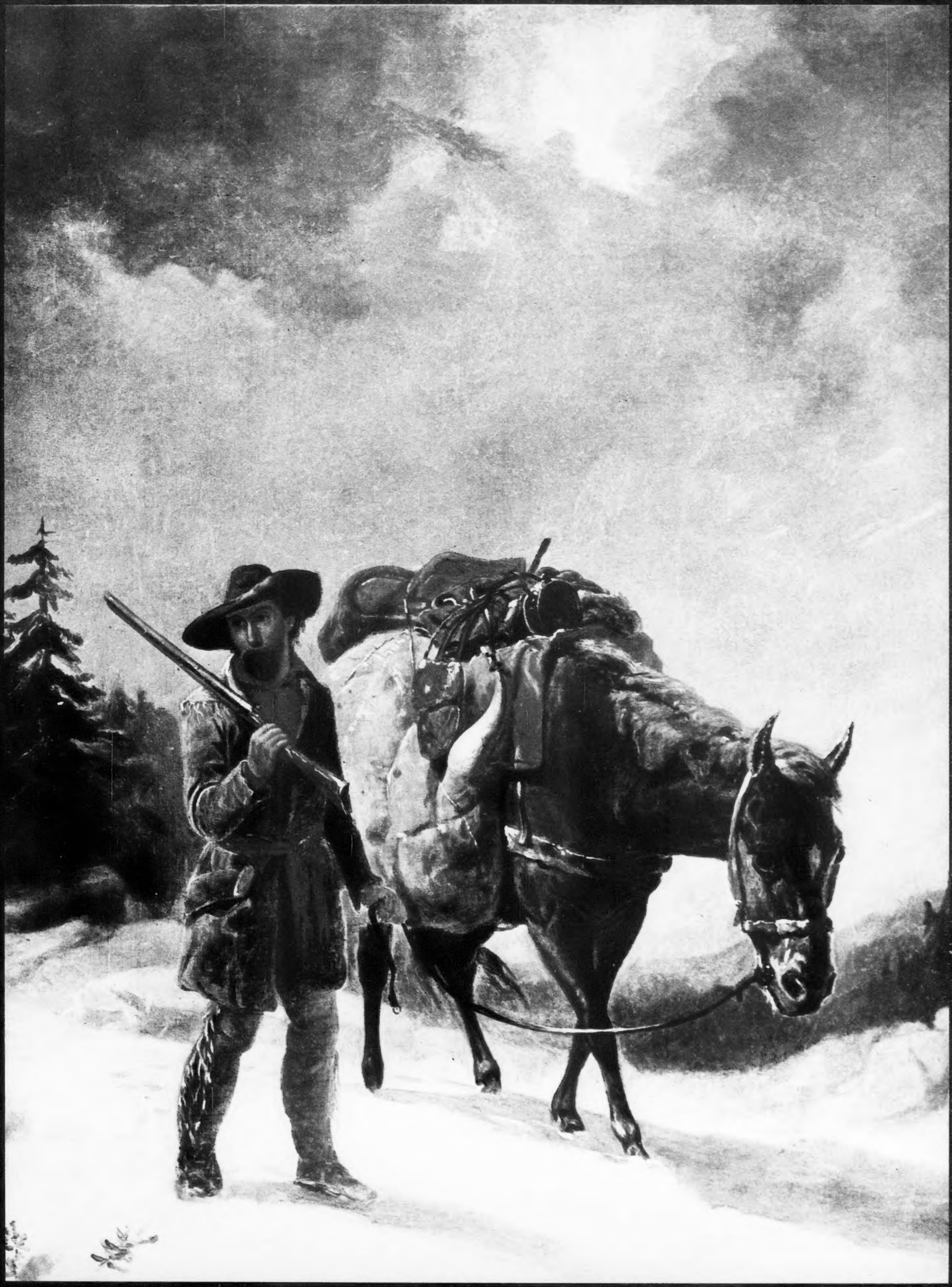
Who were these mountain men and why should we remember them? First things first. They were, in William Ashley's words, "enterprising young men" who sought to make their fortunes in the hazardous occupation of beaver trapping in the Rocky Mountains, principally in the years between 1820 and 1840. Most of them were natural outdoorsmen in the tradition of Daniel Boone and the long hunters of Kentucky's dark and bloody ground. Like Boone, they preferred the solitude and adventure of the wilderness, and they proved equal to its challenges. But they were also different. They did not love the wilderness for its own sake, nor were they the outcast "romantic banditti" of Washington Irving's imagination. They were highly individualistic entrepreneurs who hoped to make a competence, if not a fortune, in the fur trade which was booming all over America and Europe as they entered the western wilderness. They were also self-conscious agents of American expansionism who saw endless possibilities in the West—once it was claimed from England and Spain and the indigenous red man.

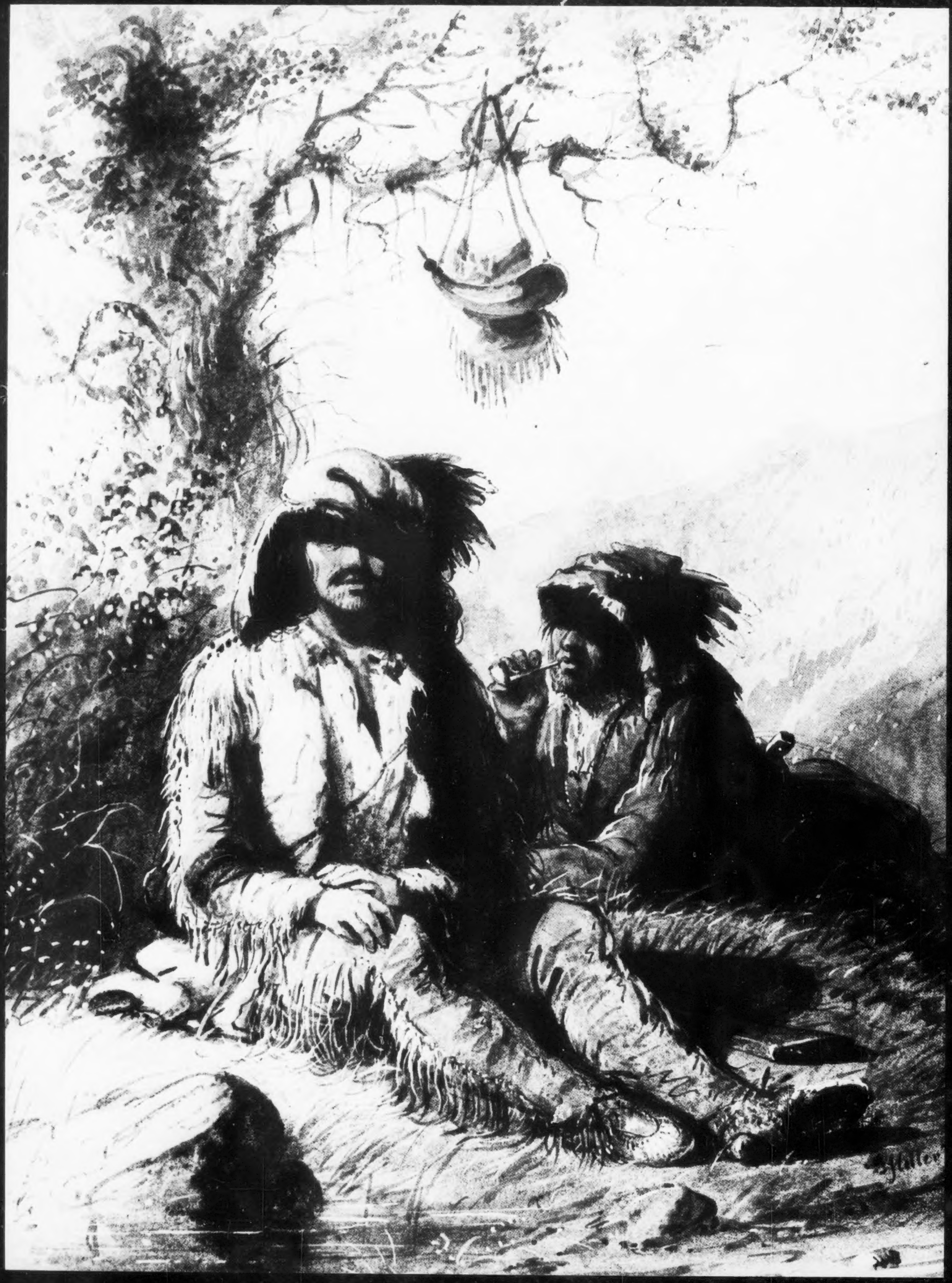
To pursue these ends, they deserted farms hacked out of forest clearings, jobs as storekeeper and frontier sheriff, even loved ones and families, to stake their lives and their meager fortunes on an expedition to the mountains. If they had some capital they organized small bands and started up the Missouri, or they moved out along the rivers that crossed the Great Plains—the Platte, the Kansas, the Arkansas—headed for that promised land of glistening peaks and clear, cold beaver streams. If they had no capital, like Thomas James they hired out temporarily to something like the old Missouri Fur Company. Remembering his beginnings in 1809, James wrote: "We Americans were all private adventurers, each on his own hook, and were led into the enterprise by the promise of the Company, who agreed to subsist us to the trapping grounds, we helping to navigate the boats, and on our arrival there they were to furnish us each with a rifle, and sufficient ammunition, six good beaver traps and also four of their hired French, to be under our individual commands for a period of three years." They were thus, temporarily, contract labor to the most powerful of the early Saint Louis fur-trading companies—the Missouri Company; Pratte, Chouteau and Company; the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; or, if nothing else offered, John Jacob Astor's massive combine, American Fur.

Their habitat was the Rocky Mountains where, gradually learning from the Indians, they were able to subsist off the rugged land and spend years out of sight of civilization. They made their own clothes or married Indian women who made them for them. They lived on game of all kinds, preferring, of course, the buffalo—especially the hump ribs, tongue, and liver, raw and warm and dripping with nutritious blood. They also enjoyed deer, fish, moun-

A TRAPPER CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS
by William T. Ranney

COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION





TRAPPERS
by Alfred Jacob Miller

COLLECTION OF THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

tain goat, and an occasional dog. It was a lonely life, full of privation in which self-reliance was at a premium never dreamed of by Ralph Waldo Emerson when he addressed the young men of Harvard. To find the right mountain hideaway out of the withering cold winter winds, to build a proper hut out of bent saplings and hides, to find game and clear water and avoid hostile Indians were necessities, as were such mundane things as knowing how to set one's own broken bones, how to cauterize wounds, how to dose oneself for the ague, rheumatism, pneumonia, and tainted food. To combat the loneliness, the mountain men told tall tales of "scrapes" and strange sights seen on distant journeys or sometimes read well-worn copies of Shakespeare or the Bible. Kit Carson's exploits appeared in the early dime novels, and Jim Beckwourth dictated his adventures to an "amanuensis," but by and large, the mountain men lived on the hard side of the American Dream. They were lucky if they were adopted by a friendly Indian tribe.

The beaver seasons were fall and spring, especially spring when the ice was just breaking up on the cold mountain streams. There in the dawn's early light the trapper made his rounds collecting his catch. In the evening he baited his traps for perhaps the fourth or fifth time in the day. All day long while he waited, he scraped the skins of his catch on a scraping stone and stretched them over willow frames to dry. The day's catch could not be allowed to lie around and rot. In between times he hunted and smoked meat for the long winter. Summer, however, was the payoff. Beginning in 1825 he headed for a grand *rendezvous* on a branch of the Green River, whose valley lay at the heart of the Rockies. There he congregated with all the other mountain men who had survived the season; swapped stories; fought; bet on horse races; traded or gambled his furs away for outrageously-priced rot-gut whiskey, powder and lead, more traps, trade goods, and well-used Indian women. It seemed a glorious time and was invariably reported as such by objective visitors such as the Scottish baronet Sir William Drummond Stewart. Only the outward-bound missionaries of the 1830s, like Henry Spaulding, had their doubts and fulminated about the obvious "wickedness" they thought they saw before them. And sometimes the scene did get ugly: in 1825 a pitched battle with the Canadians of the North West Company was narrowly averted. Another time Kit Carson was forced to kill a man in a fight, and the *rendezvous* of 1832 culminated in a vicious battle with some wandering Nez Percé near Pierre's Hole that left thirty-two mountain men dead. But generally the *rendezvous* was the mountain man's annual frolic, and he cared little that the profits of his whole year's work went into the pockets of the traders. Out in the mountains, in secret places that no one knew about, there was always more. Nature was infinitely bountiful. The *rendezvous* continued as an annual event from 1825 to 1838. Then it abruptly ended, as did the life of the free trapper.

If their lives were so buried in remoteness and the high noon of the free trapper lasted such a short time, why does posterity remember them so vividly? The reasons now seem clear. After Lewis and Clark, the mountain men were the first to penetrate and open up to Americans the vast mountain and basin country of the trans-Mississippi West. The Spaniards had posted a "rim of Christendom" in the arid Southwest and clung precariously to California. A few, notably Escalante in 1776, had penetrated far up into the Green River country and crossed over into the Great Basin of Utah. But Spanish *entradas* into the mountains were rare, and their knowledge was kept a guarded secret (which has led to so many tales of buried Spanish treasure). The British were late and hesitant in coming down from Canada. Thus, while the great European powers hung on the fringes of the West, the mountain men as harbingers of American civilization plunged boldly ahead on what became truly a trans-continental mission. Largely through their efforts the West was won for the United States in an imperial struggle with England and Spain.

They did not win the West by force of arms. Rather the mountain men served as pathfinders and then trailblazers for the thousands of emigrants who poured over the trails to Oregon and California. Moreover, the would-be settlers were awakened to the possibilities of these new lands by letters and reports sent back by the mountain men who looked at the West with a flexible eye—one as intent upon the possibilities for future American settlement as upon

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This article is excerpted from William H. Goetzmann's essay "Lords at the Creation: The Mountain Man and the World," published in the catalog accompanying the exhibition "The Mountain Man," showing at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center through September 30.

Copies of the 64-page catalog, including seventeen color and more than fifty black-and-white illustrations of paintings and artifacts from the exhibition, are available for $8.95 (plus $1.25 postage and handling) from the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

PAINTINGS REPRODUCED ON PAGES 5, 8 9, AND 16 ARE CURRENTLY APPEARING IN THE EXHIBITION "THE MOUNTAIN MAN" AT THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

the likeliness of a good beaver stream. In 1830, for example, Jedediah Smith and his two partners, David E. Jackson and William L. Sublette, wrote a letter to the secretary of war extolling the virtues of Oregon and emphasizing the ease with which American settlers could reach it. This letter was published as an official government document and reprinted countless times. Similarly, Joshua Pilcher touted the Columbia Valley as a "paradise for farming, cattle raising and ship-building." He saw the site of Fort Vancouver (near present-day Portland, Oregon) as a place where "a great city . . . will eventually grow up." William Ashley called for federal troops to protect the mountain men and the emigrants who followed them. Clearly the mountain man saw himself as the vanguard of a great mass migration to the West. In his discovery of passes through the mountains and trails across the interior, he proved to be just that. But in succeeding he helped to end the wild, free life of the unfettered trapper. Nature's nobleman put himself on the path to ultimate extinction in practical terms, but because he epitomized "nature's nation" and the exotic, adventuresome self-reliance of the American, he lives forever in legend and history on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE PROTOTYPE of the mountain man marched along with Lewis and Clark. When the Great Captains were returning home from their trek to the Pacific, far up the Missouri River they met two fur trappers, Joseph Dickson and Forrest Hancock. They were heading into the mountains in search of beaver. Private John Colter of the Corps of Discovery asked to be relieved of duty so that he might join them. Permission was granted, and Colter with his two partners spent the season of 1806–7 trapping the Yellowstone River country. Colter, a Virginian, appears always to have been a frontiersman. Before he joined Lewis and Clark he already had experience fighting Woodland Indians in the Appalachian wilderness. He was a direct link to Daniel Boone. He had hardened his skills on the overland trek with Lewis and Clark, and in 1807 he entered the pages of history for all time. After his season with Dickson and Hancock, Colter headed down the Missouri alone. Somewhere on the upper river he met Manuel Lisa, a wily Spaniard who had emigrated from New Orleans to Saint Louis. Lisa, whose reputation in Saint Louis was of the lowest, had shrewdly grasped the significance of Lewis and Clark's feat, and he was headed upriver to establish a fur-trading post. Meriwether Lewis detested him; the French traders in Saint Louis detested him; his men detested him so much he dared not turn his back on them; and William Clark had forbidden him

TRAPPERS SALUTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
by Alfred Jacob Miller

COLLECTION OF THE WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

to trade among any of the known tribes of newly acquired Louisiana.

Nothing daunted, Lisa set up a fort at the junction of the Bighorn and Yellowstone rivers in 1807, far out of reach of any authority. Then he sent his trapper *engagés* out in all directions in search of beaver or friendly Indians with pelts to trade. In the winter of 1807 Colter, armed only with a pistol and a thirty-pound pack, set off to the west on a miraculous journey. He crossed the Bighorn Mountains via Pryor's Gap and journeyed down the valley of the Stinkingwater past the site of present-day Cody to the Absarokas. Along the way he saw thermal springs and geysers. Circling around the Absarokas, still alone in the trackless wilderness, he crossed Togwattee Pass into the snow-covered beauty of Jackson's Hole, then traveled over into Pierre's Hole, where he spent the rest of the winter. In the spring he moved north through Jackson's Hole and present-day Yellowstone Park. A Bannock Indian guided him across the Absarokas, and he eventually made his way back to Manuel's Fort. No one believed his stories of geysers, paint pots, and thermal springs, and the country he had crossed was called derisively by his fellow trappers, "Colter's Hell."

John Colter spent two more seasons on the Upper Missouri before he left the mountain man's life forever. He had good reason to quit. In 1809 he was captured by a band of Blackfeet, stripped naked, and forced to run for his life five miles across a stoney plain between the Jefferson and Madison forks of the Missouri. Seeing one man gaining on him, Colter turned abruptly, wrenched the spear from his pursuer's grasp, killed him, and raced on with a yell of triumph. He reached the ice-cold Madison and hid under a raft of driftwood for hours until the Indians gave up their search. Then, naked and starving, he made his way hundreds of miles through rugged, hostile country to Manuel's Fort.

But even this was not enough to discourage him. In 1810 he led a party of trappers back to the Three Forks—the scene of the previous year's terrifying race. This time the Indians set upon his party, killing most of them including George Drouillard, also a veteran of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. That was enough for Colter. True to a promise he had made while running for his life, he quit the mountains forever, married, and settled on a farm along the lower Missouri. For the rest of his life, however, he longed for the hunt and the chase in the Rockies—which was only fitting for the "first mountain man."

Despite the hardships of his men, Manuel Lisa prospered. Each year he came downstream with boatloads full of furs, and his stature increased in Saint Louis. During the War of 1812, Governor Clark came to depend upon him to use his influence among the Upper Missouri tribes to keep the British from coming downriver in an attack on Saint Louis itself. Lisa came through splendidly by marrying Mitain, daughter of a powerful Omaha chief, even though he already had a wife in Saint Louis. The fur trade had brought him wealth, romance, position, and a belated sense of patriotism.

Lisa's Upper Missouri operation set a pattern for the early fur trade. Despite the ever-increasing hostility of the tribes along the river, each year parties of trappers ascended the Missouri. Eventually a string of trading posts or forts was established at strategic points on the upper river from Fort Union at the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri to the American Fur Company's post at Fort McKenzie near the Great Falls of the Missouri. From these posts trapping parties set out into the mountains or else the *engagés* attempted to bring Indians from the surrounding country into the forts to trade. Most of the forts belonged to the American Fur Company, and their operation was modeled after that of the Canadian Hudson's Bay and North West companies.

In 1811, John Jacob Astor, who from a humble start as a musical instrument salesman had made himself master of the American fur trade, launched a grandiose venture into the world fur trade. He sent Wilson Price Hunt, his clerk, up the Missouri and overland on horseback across the plains to the Snake River and thence, by canoe and on foot, to the mouth of the Columbia. There he established Fort Astoria. The trip outward, conducted under great hardship, created a new set of mountain men, the most notable of whom was three-hundred-pound Donald McKenzie. Meanwhile Astor had sent a ship, the *Tonquin* commanded by Captain Jonathan Thorne, around Cape Horn to the Columbia. The fur magnate's plan was to tap the Northwest interior for furs in the manner of the North West Company and then load the furs aboard the *Tonquin* for shipment to China. The entire scheme had Jefferson's blessing, but it was an unqualified disaster. The overland party was decimated by hardship. Captain Thorne lost twelve men trying to cross the bar of the Columbia. Then he lost his ship off Vancouver Island when, due to his cruelty, an entire tribe massacred all but one of his crew. The remaining sailor blew the *Tonquin* and a whole villageful of Salish Indians to smithereens. Following closely upon this, Fort Astoria surrendered to a ragtag band of North West Company men, and Astor's venture was finished. Fur-trade competition had become continental in scope, and it involved the imperial energies of nations from the Upper Missouri to the far Northwest Coast.

Similar energies were also engaged in the Southwest. There Spain jealously guarded its northern provinces against American intruders. Party after party from the United States, including those of Lieutenant Zebulon Pike and Saint Louis fur magnate Auguste Chouteau, trekked across the prairies only to be seized by Spanish soldiers and thrown into prison at Santa Fe. Only a few, such as Jacques Clamorgan, Manuel Lisa's partner, succeeded in winning the confidence of the Spaniards. But with Mexican independence in 1821, all of this changed. The trail to

Santa Fe was opened by William Becknell, and this, in turn, introduced a whole generation of mountain men into the southern Rockies. Intrepid men who searched out every nook and cranny of the region, the Taos and Santa Fe trappers did much to extinguish Spain's empire in the Southwest.

William Wolfskill, Antoine Robidoux, William Huddart, William Becknell, and Etienne Provost all led trapping parties into the rugged San Juan River country in 1824, much to the consternation of the new Mexican governor. Provost's expedition was a spectacular one. After being ambushed by Indians led by a chief named Bad Gotcha, he reorganized his party, worked his way over to the Green River and around the Uinta Mountains to the west. Eventually he crossed over the Wasatch Mountains and became one of the first men to gaze upon the Great Salt Lake. Most of the parties had successful hunts in 1825. The following year Ewing Young led a party down the Gila River to the Colorado, then overland to the brink of the Grand Canyon, becoming the first American to see that western marvel. Gradually the southwestern mountain men, making their way north, converged on the Green River valley. Linking up with parties coming down from the northern Rockies, they made the Green River a natural site for an annual *rendezvous*. Much of the country traversed by the Taos trappers was extremely rugged, cut by the canyons of the San Juan, the Gunnison, the Little Colorado, and the Uncompagre. Frequently the Utes and the Navajos were hostile, and skirmishes occurred. One casualty was "Peg-Leg Smith," who was forced to amputate his own leg on the Green River in 1827.

Other parties of southwestern trappers like those of Sylvestre and James Ohio Pattie and Ewing Young crossed the Southwest via the Gila River and the Mojave Desert to California. By 1830 so many mountain men had taken this route that it became an evident trail to the Pacific which, because of its lack of snow, would prove appealing to California-bound immigrants and future railroad promoters. Frequently overlooked in histories of the mountain men, the Taos trappers of the Southwest—Etienne Provost, Ewing Young, the Patties, Peg-Leg Smith, George Yount, Antoine Robideau, and Kit Carson—were among the boldest and bravest in the entire history of the fur trade. They also helped to win an empire in the West.

THE CLASSIC HEROES of the Rocky Mountain fur trade were, however, those recruited by William H. Ashley. In February of 1822 he placed an ad in the Saint Louis, Missouri *Gazette and Public Advertiser* calling for "Enterprising Young Men . . . to ascend the Missouri to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years." This was the start of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which employed its men as free trappers under short-term contract. Clearly Ashley did this not out of altruism but be-

J&S HAWKEN RIFLE
1830-1840

K O. LEONARD COLLECTION, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

cause he hoped that by organizing his men and giving them the proper incentive he could himself become rich in a very short time and thus pursue the political career he had always wanted.

In the spring of 1823, Ashley and his partner, Andrew Henry, managed to establish a fort on the Yellowstone River despite the fact that one of their heavily laden barges sank in the Missouri destroying $10,000 worth of trade goods. But the river tribes were hostile, and in June the Arikara pinned down his best men on a sandbar in the Missouri under a withering barrage of rifle fire. Only the most skillful—Jedediah Smith, Edward Rose, Bill Sublette, Hugh Glass, and James Clyman—escaped. The whole affair, according to Clyman, "was more than I had contracted for and somewhat cooled my courage."

As a result of the Arikara hostility, the U.S. Army mounted a futile military campaign against them under Colonel Henry Leavenworth. Even if it had been successful, this would not have helped Ashley very much. The whole river in 1823 was lined with hostile tribes intent upon preventing traders from bypassing their villages to trade with the Indians upriver in the mountains, and Ashley was already $100,000 in debt. In desperation Ashley and Henry decided to abandon the river and strike out overland for the mountains. This was the real beginning of the celebrated fur trade of the central Rockies.

Henry led one party, that was constantly harassed by Indians, to his fort on the Yellowstone. There he found his horses stolen and no furs. He moved his post upriver to its confluence with the Powder River and then over to the Bighorn. When all of this failed, he sent the main body of his men under John Weber over into the Wind River Basin, where they wintered with some friendly Crow Indians.

On his trip to the mountains with Ashley's other brigade in 1823, Jedediah Smith had more than enough adventure. Somewhere in the Black Hills (a spur of the Rockies), Smith was attacked by an enraged grizzly. The bear grasped Smith's whole head in its jaw and began ripping and tearing his scalp. Before the bear was killed, Smith had lost most of his scalp and one ear, while his eye was turned queerly upward. In all this Smith never lost consciousness, and though bleeding profusely and doubtless in shock, he calmly ordered James Clyman to sew his scalp and ear back on. Clyman followed orders but without much hope. When the stitching was done, Smith mounted a horse and rode a mile into camp. Ten days later he had recovered enough to assume command, and the party pushed on. They reached the Wind River valley in late November, where they linked up with Weber's party in a bitterly cold encampment.

In February, Smith and his men attempted to quit the cold and the blizzards of the valley. The Indians showed them on a crude map a route south around the Wind River Mountains, which they traversed with great hardship including near starvation. But in rounding the Wind Rivers, Smith and his men located the famous South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, which thousands of argonauts would use on the trails to Oregon and California. It was the main gateway through the Rocky Mountains and comparable in American history to the Cumberland Gap, which took settlers in an earlier epic march over the Appalachians and into the great valley of the Ohio River.

Weber's party followed Smith, and when they reached the Green River he journeyed to Bear Lake while Smith headed south to the Uintas. Sometime during that winter or early spring a young mountain man, Jim Bridger, to settle a wager with his comrades, sailed down the Bear River in a bullboat and reached the Great Salt Lake. He tasted it and finding it salty, concluded that he had reached the Pacific Ocean. Later his friend James Clyman and three other mountain men sailed 'round the lake, assuring themselves it was not an arm of the sea. Bridger went on to many exploits, but his discovery of the Great Salt Lake must rank among his most spectacular.

MANY GREAT MOUNTAIN MEN assembled at the first *rendezvous* at Henry's Fork of the Green River in 1825, where they were greeted by General Ashley himself. Besides Bridger, there was Tom "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, who was soon to be part-owner of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; Etienne Provost up from the south after *his* first look at the Great Salt Lake; Hugh Glass, soon to be famous as the man who, after being mauled by a bear and left for dead by his companions, managed to stay alive and crawl hundreds of miles to a friendly Indian village; and, of course, Jedediah Smith. Suffice to say that from the very beginning the *rendezvous* was the stomping ground of giants.

After the 1826 *rendezvous,* which was in Cache Valley near Bear Lake to the northeast of Great Salt Lake, Jedediah Smith began an epic exploring expedition that solved one of the last great puzzles of the West. Smith and a party headed southwest, reached the vicinity of present day Zion National Park, headed down the Virgen River, crossed the Colorado, and camped with the Mojaves farther down on that river. He then crossed the Mojave Desert to California, becoming the first American to cross the Southwest to California. But Smith's most important achievement on this expedition was to cross California's Sierra via Ebbett's Pass and then march across the Great Basin. His trip took him thirty-seven days across mountains and over the endless miles of alkali desert now known as the Bonneville Salt Flats. Water gave out, and one of the two men with him had to be left behind temporarily. But eventually all three made it to the *rendezvous* on Bear Lake. No one had ever crossed the fearsome basin before, and Smith proved that no river flowed westward from Great Salt Lake to the Pacific, thus revising every map up to that time. All previous maps had uncritically accepted the ancient Spanish

MOUNTAIN MAN

Anonymous · Nineteenth Century

COURTESY OF H.J. DENGLER OLD PRINTS AND PAINTINGS, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

BILL BURROWS · A ROCKY MOUNTAIN TRAPPER
by Alfred Jacob Miller

NORTHERN NATURAL GAS COMPANY COLLECTION, JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, OMAHA

myth of the Rio Buenaventura, which was long believed to flow westward to the sea.

The following year, Smith made the trip via the southwest corridor to California again. This time the Mojaves killed ten of his men, and Indians in Oregon massacred all the rest save two. Smith escaped to Fort Vancouver, where he enjoyed the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company's Dr. John McLoughlin. Either at Fort Vancouver or at Fort Colville at Kettle Falls, Smith's next Hudson's Bay stop, Smith apparently drew a map of all the country he had traversed (virtually the whole West) and gave it to Dr. George Gibbs. This precious map has been lost, but Gibbs put its details, complete with Smith's notes, on a map published by Lieutenant John C. Frémont in 1845, so something of Smith's vast knowledge of the West was preserved. Smith's Great Basin trek was also laid down on a map drawn by the venerable Albert Gallatin to accompany his "Map of the Indian Tribes of North America," published by the American Antiquarian Society in 1836. Before he died, murdered by Comanches on the Cimarron River in 1831, Smith had trekked over and comprehended virtually the entire complex mountain, plateau, and desert terrain of the West. He was a successful beaver hunter but an even greater explorer. Some might dispute his judgement in caring for his men or even his rashness in venturing out into the hostile Cimarron country alone, but none could dispute his courage and insight into the vastness of western geography.

Each year from 1825 onward the mountain men pursued their lonely trade, then gathered at the annual *rendezvous*. By 1827, Ashley had sold the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Smith, David Jackson, and William Sublette and retired to Saint Louis a rich man. Over the next few years, the ownership of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company changed hands several times. It also had to face fierce competition from Canadian Hudson's Bay brigades coming east from Oregon under the able leadership of Peter Skene Ogden and Alexander Ross. The most dreaded competition, however, came from Astor's American Fur Company. Even before 1830, American Fur, abandoning its strict riverine policy, sent brigades inland on the trail of the free trapping parties of Rocky Mountain Fur. Some of Astor's relative greenhorns were wiped out by Indians, but the company's control of the Blackfeet was a menace to all the free trappers.

By 1829, William Sublette realized that the real profits were in the carrying and trading end of the business, not in the hazardous search for beaver. He arrived at the Green River *rendezvous* with forty wagonloads of supplies and returned to Saint Louis with the results of the year's hunt. This was the first use of wagons on the Oregon Trail. In August of 1830, Smith, Jackson, and Sublette sold out to five friends: Tom Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, Henry Fraeb, Jean Baptiste Gervais, and Jim Bridger. William Sublette continued to control the carrying trade and eventually became a rich man and leading banker in Saint Louis. His greatest "coup" was his race to the *rendezvous* of 1834, where he arrived ahead of the New Englander Nathaniel Wyeth and induced the trappers to break their contract with Wyeth, thereby securing the season's catch. Wyeth, angry and disappointed, moved west, constructed Fort Hall on the Salmon Fork of the Columbia, and dispensed supplies all year long. "I have rolled a stone into their garden," he averred. And so he had, as Fort Hall became an important outfitting post on the trail to Oregon. By 1834, however, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was dead, its partnership dissolved, never to be revived again.

The years 1832–1834 were momentous ones for the mountain men. In 1832 their ranks were severely decimated by a pitched battle with the Gros Ventre at Pierre's Hole. In 1832, also, Kenneth McKenzie of the American Fur Company managed to secure the allegiance of the Blackfeet, and he established Fort McKenzie near the mouth of the Marias River in the heart of their country. And finally, in that same year, the steamboat *Yellowstone* made its first trip far up the Missouri to Fort Union. With this voyage, mechanization and organization and eastern capital began to take command.

In 1833, Captain Benjamin Louis Eulalie Bonneville of the U.S. Army mysteriously entered the fur trade. Allegedly on leave from the army for two years to try his hand at trapping, Bonneville always maintained he was on a mission for General Andrew Jackson. His every action seemed to suggest this. He reached the *rendezvous* at Green River and came off very badly at trading. Then he built a fort at Ham's Fork of the Green in a very exposed but also very strategic position. It was useless for fur trading but in a very good position to guard the Oregon Trail in the manner that Ashley had requested as long ago as 1825. Bonneville also reconnoitered as far as the Hudson's Bay posts on the Columbia but was turned back. Meanwhile he organized a

COLLECTION OF THE JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, OMAHA

crack crew of mountain men, placed them under the leadership of Joseph Reddeford Walker, and sent them to find an overland trail to California. Walker, a superb man in the wilderness, was perhaps Jedediah Smith's only equal as a mountain man and possibly his superior as a leader. In 1833–34, Walker led his men west from Great Salt Lake to the Humboldt River, then down that river to the Humboldt Sinks at the base of the California Sierra. Menaced by Indians, he and his men crossed over the Sierra on the watershed between the Merced and Tuolumne rivers. As they struggled down from the wintery peaks, they were the first Americans to see the great cliffs and misty, sky-high waterfalls of Yosemite. On his way home, Walker located what is now Walker's Pass around the southern end of the Sierra thanks to help from Indian guides. By the time he reached the *rendezvous* in 1834, Walker had laid out the primary emigrant trail to California. In just a few years it would be a main-travelled road with Walker himself helping to guide settlers over it. Washington Irving, trying desperately to write an "American book," celebrated the deeds of Bonneville and, most of all, Walker in his *Scenes and Adventures in the Rocky Mountains* (1837). Walker became for a time perhaps the most famous of all the mountain men back East.

The season of 1834 was momentous for more than Walker's return and the dissolution of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. That year saw a Scottish baronet, Captain William Drummond Stewart of Murthly Castle, make his second visit to *rendezvous* and German Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied return downriver aboard the *Yellowstone* from a scientific trip to Fort Union. In addition, Nathaniel Wyeth took a botanist, Thomas Nuttall, and an ornithologist, John Kirke Townsend, plus a missionary, Jason Lee, all the way to Oregon. The wild West of the mountain man had begun to be scientifically scrutinized, peopled by long trains of emigrants, and watched over by missionaries. The sober Prince Max and the fun-loving Captain Stewart—both veteran explorers, seemed to sense something was at an end. The Prince brought a young Swiss painter, Karl Bodmer, along to record the pristine scenes of wilderness life, while the raffish captain began to work on a thinly disguised fictional account of his life with the mountain men that would be published as *Altowan*. By 1837 he had employed the Baltimore painter Alfred Jacob Miller to capture what was left of the romantic freshness of the mountain man's life just as, even then, George Catlin was doing for the Indian. The fur trade itself never really died—not even when John Jacob Astor sold out his interests in American Fur in 1834—but by the mid-1830s the life of the mountain man had changed drastically. He, even more than the Indian, was a vanishing breed, and he began to look for other lines of work.

IT IS CUSTOMARY to attribute the decline of the mountain man to the decline of the fur trade, and this in turn to the changing European fashions in men's hats. No longer did the London dandy stroll the Strand in a fashionable beaver-covered top hat, ergo the end of the fur trade, runs the explanation. It was certainly true that the mountain man had made his impact on European and American fashion, but the beaver hat was by no means the only impact. Furs continued to be used for coats, for trim, for gloves, and for sleigh and carriage robes. Hudson's Bay and even American Fur continued to do a big business well into the nineteenth century. Nor does the idea that the beaver were all trapped out of the mountains make perfect sense either. Less than a thousand mountain men could never have accomplished this in the face of ever-hostile Indians. The above may have been factors in the decline of the mountain man's world, but more immediate factors also must be considered. The uncertain financial conditions of Jackson's second term culminating in the Panic of 1837 placed the widely scattered individual entrepreneur-trapper at the mercy of the marketplace. As the price of furs dropped, the risk of trapping was not worth the mountain man's time. Even those optimists who believed that the price of beaver was certain to rise began looking for other occupations from wagon-train scout to farmer, rancher, or trading-post keeper. And these all related to their perception of a larger social process that was taking place—the mass migrations westward to Oregon and California. Civilization drove the mountain men out just as it had Daniel Boone from Kentucky. And the same irony prevailed. It was the lone hunter and the mountain man who made the westward migration possible. In a very real sense these heroic figures destroyed themselves by succeeding too well. **AW**

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Foote's Ford and the Silver Cup

by Pat Jones

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF MARIAN FOOTE CONWAY

Nearing the snow line, Arthur Foote (second from left) and friends prepare to assault the upper reaches of the Sierra.

EVERY WINTER Donner Pass—a 7,200-foot chink in the rugged Sierra Nevada—is blanketed by the heavy snows that claimed its tragic namesake, the pioneering Donner Party, in 1846.

Today, a four-lane freeway snakes through the pass, and during the winter months huge snowplows ply up and down its length, whisking the smooth asphalt surface clean of ice and snow in a relatively short time.

In 1911, however, when automobile fever was first sweeping the country, the formidable gap was impassable from the first heavy winter storm until the summer thaw had cleared the road of drifts. Even then only the most adventurous motorists attempted to travel the narrow dirt road through the mountains, and serious efforts to keep the pass open in winter did not begin until 1931.

Though there was an all-weather rail line over the pass, an impassable motor road meant less tourist business for Tahoe Tavern, a mountain resort located on the shores of Lake Tahoe fourteen miles beyond Donner Summit. So, in the late spring of 1911, the tavern decided to snare some publicity. To inaugurate the new motoring season, the spa offered an elaborate silver cup to the first automobilist who could push through the melting snows and reach its door. Promoters of the challenge envisioned that the trophy would be claimed by the gallant scion of some socially prominent San Francisco family. The news of this intrepid hero's daring exploit would no doubt blaze across the society pages of San Francisco's newspapers, along with, of course, the name of the sponsoring resort, Tahoe Tavern.

What dashing celebrity, then, stepped up to meet the challenge, brave the snowy wilderness, and claim the silver prize? This Charles Lindbergh of the Tin Lizzy turned out to be an obscure mining engineer named Arthur B. Foote, who hailed from the little town of Grass Valley, situated in the Sierra foothills about fifty miles northeast of Sacramento.

Foote, assistant supervisor of the North Star Mine, headed a group of equally obscure but equally hardy partners, including George W. Starr, managing director of the Empire Mine; Carl P. Jones, physician; Lloyd Larue, mining attorney; and Charles Scarfe, chauffeur and "mechanician" for North Star. Their names were unknown to the outside world, but the men were ingenious enough, eccentric enough, perhaps bored enough, to push and shove an automobile more than sixty-four miles up and down mountains, through snow and slush, to earn a silver cup.

Late in the afternoon of June 2, Foote and Starr threw shovels, block and tackle, extra parts, and other equipment into Foote's Model T Ford, removed the windshield, and set out for Tahoe Tavern. "The roads are splendid from this city to Emigrant Gap [thirty-nine miles from Grass Valley] and the trip can be made with little trouble," Jones reported later, "but when you reach a point a few miles above Emigrant Gap, where the snow drifts block the road, then is when progress is slow." By evening the car was mired in the drifts Jones described. Forced to abandon the stalled machine, Foote and Starr hiked to nearby Cisco, where they spent the night at a hotel.

The next day, Jones and Charley Scarfe rode the railroad which paralleled the snow-blocked road to the site of the bogged-down auto and managed to work the car through the drifts to a point two miles above Cisco. All four men then resumed the trek at the improbable hour of 3:30 A.M. Sunday in order to take advantage of the frozen crust on the surface of the snow before the rising sun turned it to slush.

"If the snow was level the car would run on top of it," Jones complained later, "but there are long stretches where there is no snow and then you come onto it six feet deep, which is almost insurmountable. There are also deep crevices in the snow, which, if the machine gets down

Opposite: In the spring of 1911, Arthur B. Foote and several companions manhandled a Model T up and over the western slope of the Sierra Nevada in quest of a trophy offered by a Lake Tahoe tavern for the season's first motorists. Here, a washed-out bridge on the Bear River has only temporarily delayed the ingenious travelers, who have rigged a steel cable and trolley to span the torrent.

into them, it takes a block and tackle to get it out."

Five and one-half hours of slipping, sliding, floundering, and man-handling later, the party reached the raging Bear River, where the bridge was out.

Foote, an inveterate diarist, recorded in his journal of the trip that he and Starr "planned a scheme to get across." Faced with a white water obstacle that would frustrate and deny all the other silver cup contenders, Foote and Starr used their engineering know-how to devise a unique solution. Foote's diary tersely reads: "Stretched a ⅝ cable across, slid car below cable. Worked car through snow for about a mile. Straightened front radius rod and camped among some rocks."

As the other competitors lined up across the river, scratching their heads and wondering how to span the torrent, Foote's party built a roaring fire, smugly decided to tell no one of their successful method, and caught some sleep.

But not much. Once again, in the chilled blackness of early morning, the four arose to prod and cajole the Model T over the frozen snow. "Got car started at 4:00 A.M.," Foote's June 5 entry records. "Going very rough, followed creeks. Tried putting skids under car. Finally left it." Apparently confident of their lead, Foote and his partners returned to Grass Valley by train to gather equipment and attend to business.

On Wednesday a Grass Valley *Morning Union* headline declared that the Ford was fourteen miles ahead of considerable competition. "The local automobile enthusiasts have an exceptionally splendid chance to claim the prize. They had a most exciting trip, and one night they were compelled to sleep outdoors in the freezing atmosphere," the newspaper boasted of its hometown heroes.

"The Ford made excellent progress," Jones was quoted as saying in the front-page article. "Aside from the bending of one rod, it is undamaged. So far we have only used five gallons of gasoline, which seems remarkable."

That afternoon Foote and Starr boarded the Number Five train and traveled to the site of the automobile. There they rejoined the others and "worked the car with much difficulty, with and with-

Below: Dr. Carl Jones, Charles Scarfre, and Arthur Foote muscle the unwilling Ford through mid-day slush. Foote and his team often worked in the middle of the night to take advantage of a frozen crust on the snow, and tried everything from wooden runners to rope around the wheels in their search for the best snow-going combination.

out [wooden] runners, a short distance." On this day, as on others, the twenty-year-old Scarfe pressed on with frost-bitten toes. While his partners abandoned the car at times in favor of warm hotel rooms, Scarfe always remained with the machine despite freezing temperatures.

Thursday, June 8: "Beginning at midnight, worked car pretty successfully on runners. Joined by Larue, Jones and Snider about 5:00 A.M. Got as far as Spruce when the snow got too soft." The radius and steering rods had to be replaced, and at 11:30 P.M. the weary men again began to advance the car.

Friday, June 9: "Worked car over frozen snow along side-hill to Soda Springs Station, then over flat to Summit Hotel, reached there 7:30 A.M." A ball race had broken in the front wheel. They replaced the wheel and slept awhile. The men had pushed and dragged the Ford for eight days, but when they finally dozed off that morning, over twenty miles still separated them from Tahoe Tavern and the silver cup.

June 10: "Got machine on top of snow shed 2 A.M. after very hard pulling. Snow did not freeze. Camped until daylight. Snubbed machine over rock and slid down snow to road. Bucked soft snow to head of Donner." The men had breakfast at Donner City Hotel and then glided the last fourteen miles to Tahoe Tavern along an easy road.

It was noon when they swept up to the hotel door and claimed the cup. The victors were often to recall the consternation caused by their unexpected arrival for the resort management had not counted on a burly bunch from Grass Valley shoving, tugging, and hoisting their Model T to victory. After a pleasurable afternoon of boating on Lake Tahoe, everyone in the party returned home on the evening train.

Everyone, that is, except Foote, who planned to ship the car home aboard the Sunday morning train. With final irony, the hardy Model T betrayed its owner. Foote missed his train because he could not start the car. **AW**

Pat Jones, *editor of the Colfax (California)* Record, *has researched and written about the Grass Valley region for many years.*

Below: Another collapsed bridge, along with such nuisances as "almost insurmountable" drifts and "deep crevices in the snow" so slowed progress that the Foote party required nine days to cover sixty-five frozen miles. "It was no snap to accomplish what we have done," one of the group later reported to a local newspaper, "but we have had a most enjoyable time."

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by William Gardner Bell

WHEN ONE CONSIDERS that the American West was vast, inhospitable, uncivilized, and dangerous, and the frontier army small, widely dispersed, poorly paid, inadequately housed, fed, and doctored, and alternately locked in boredom and drudgery at remote stations or worn down by the rigors of campaign and the burdens of war, it is perhaps understandable that the officer corps contained a few tyrants, adventurers, butchers, fools, and sots. Unfortunately, such individuals have attracted undue attention and overshadowed the many capable and dependable officers who performed their jobs without fanfare. One such officer, today virtually forgotten, was George M. Templeton.

Red Cloud's defiant words to the peace commissioners as he stalked out of the council tent at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, in June 1866 were still echoing over the land when Templeton first rode north into the Powder River country: "The Great Father sends us presents and wants us to sell him the [Montana] road," stormed the Oglala chief, "but [sends] soldiers to steal the road before the Indians say Yes or No!" The soldiers were the Second Battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry, whose eight companies were to establish Forts Reno, Philip Kearny, and C. F. Smith to protect the Bozeman Trail, a wagon road linking the Oregon Trail in Wyoming with the gold fields in Montana. The army's intrusion sparked Red Cloud's War, and Lieutenant Templeton, under orders to the Eighteenth Infantry, was riding into the thick of it.

Although new to the regular army and to Indian campaigning, Templeton was no stranger to soldiering. Behind him lay three years of Civil War service, during which his regimental commander had proclaimed him "a man of sterling integrity and an officer of distinguished bravery and superior acquirements." A six-footer, with dark eyes, hair, and moustache, of serious mien and with the stamp of the veteran about him, Templeton's appearance belied his youth. Born at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, in November 1841, he was only twenty-four when he rode into hostile Indian country in provisional command of a small party, including several women and children, bound for Fort Philip Kearny. En route, on "a day long to be remembered as the one on which I had my first Indian fight," Templeton and Lieutenant Napoleon H. Daniels were scouting for a campsite on Crazy Woman Creek when they were jumped by about fifty Sioux. In a desperate race for safety, Daniels was killed by an arrow through the back; Templeton, miraculously untouched by bullet or shaft, barely made it to the shelter of the train. "Nothing but a remarkable interposition of Providence saved me," he wrote, "especially in the chase. I never before thought death so near. Anyone who does not believe in a God must reason against reason and revelation."

Arriving at Fort Phil Kearny, Templeton was assigned to one of two companies designated to garrison Fort C. F. Smith, the northernmost outpost at the Big Horn River crossing of the Bozeman Trail. His two-year tour there, embracing all but a few weeks of the post's existence, was the centerpiece of his frontier service. As company officer, quartermaster, commissary of subsistence, adjutant, and company commander, he was a versatile and pivotal figure not only in post operation but in the government's effort to maintain an effective military presence in a wild and hostile region. He worked long hours, often under pressure, and cherished rare periods of rest on a Sunday even while he missed the opportunity to attend church: "I think I could keep awake an hour while hearing a good sermon."

For outdoor sport Templeton liked nothing better than to mount his horse Peter and chase buffalo. For intellectual diversion he had brought to the frontier a few precious books, and he enjoyed reading Washington Irving's *Adventures of Captain Bonneville,* "some episodes of which are laid at this very spot." He took an active interest in the Indian, and he was the first to greet the friendly Crows and invite them into camp, and among the first to fire the new Springfield breechloader at hostile Sioux in skirmishing associated with the outpost's major Indian engagement—the Hayfield Fight. On another occasion he led a sortie to drive off a raiding party and saved not only a mule herd but very probably the commanding officer's wife, son, and sister-in-law, picking flowers outside the stockade.

Templeton left Fort C. F. Smith as a captain in June 1868, commanded Fort Reno briefly, campaigned against Sioux and Cheyenne south of the Platte, and served short tours at Omaha and Sidney before taking command of the ordnance depot at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The young veteran of two wars was not destined to fall gloriously on the field of battle, however. At Cheyenne his health failed suddenly, and the surgeon placed him on sick leave. As he journeyed east his condition deteriorated. Finally, on May 4, 1870, exactly midway between his twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth birthdays, George M. Templeton died of diabetes.

George Templeton never achieved the fame of more flamboyant men like George Custer, John Frémont, or John Chivington. Yet he was one of a class of competent frontier officers who went quietly about their duties and in the process made substantive if mostly unheralded contributions to the development of the American West. **AW**

William Gardner Bell *is a historian with the U.S. Army Center of Military History.*

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE EVERETT D. GRAFF COLLECTION, THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY, CHICAGO

Kipling among the Geysers

A young Englishman's adventures at Yellowstone, 1889

"America is a very great country, but it is not yet Heaven with electric lights and plush fittings," wrote a brash young Englishman named Rudyard Kipling on his first visit to the United States. Twenty-three, unknown, and sporting a fierce black moustache, Kipling arrived in San Francisco from Yokohama on May 28, 1889, and armed with pencil, pad, and an extremely irreverent eye, set out to see the country.

CULVER PICTURES

Kipling's journey was financed in part by a six-month advance from the Allahabad Pioneer, *an English-language newspaper in India, in exchange for a series of travel letters he would write en route. The Yellowstone account on the following pages is excerpted from these letters to the* Pioneer.

Born in 1865 in India, where his father was the curator of the Lahore Museum, Kipling had already worked for seven years as a newspaper reporter in India before embarking on his American travels. During that time he had written the first of the finely crafted stories that would eventually bring him fame.

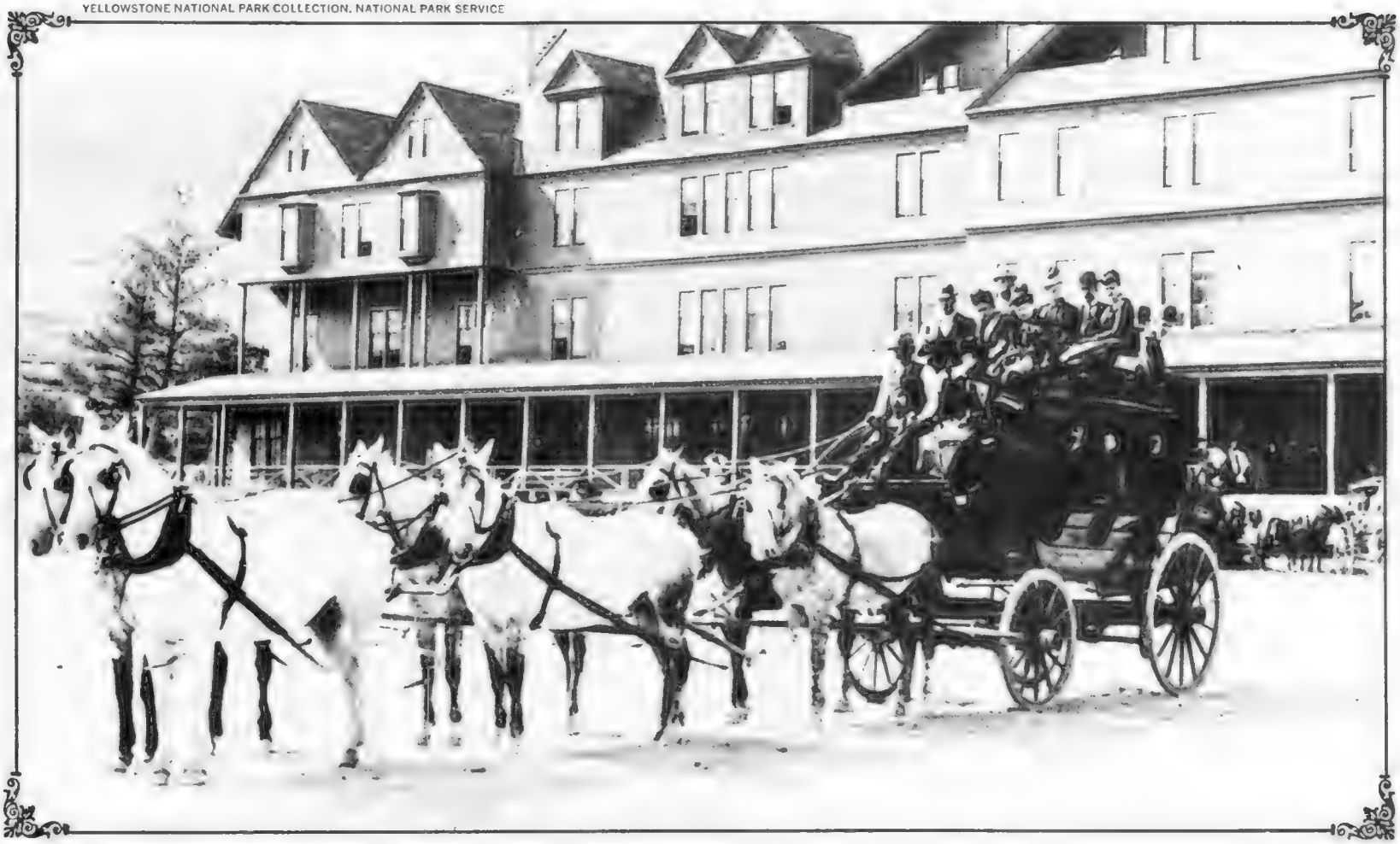
As he began his American journey, young Kipling found the country's patriotism and materialism excessive, and he was appalled by the casual violence and waste of natural resources in the West. By the time he arrived at Yellowstone, he had already dissected San Francisco ("a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people whose women are of remarkable beauty"), Portland, Seattle, and assorted hapless towns along the railway route to the park. Despite the enfant terrible *tone he affected in his letters (and as a good reporter he no doubt knew it also made for livelier copy), Kipling was genuinely impressed with the energy and egalitarianism he found in the West, and moved by its natural beauty. He also admired writers Bret Harte and Mark Twain, but as a young bachelor he reserved his greatest enthusiasm for the American girl ("they are clever; they can talk; . . . they are superbly independent").*

Kipling arrived at Yellowstone during its carriage-trade era, when wealthy families touring America by rail typically paused there for a five-day stagecoach tour with nightly stops at rustic hotels within the government-run park. Though Kipling viewed his fellow tourists with mock horror, it is clear that his Yellowstone experience was one of the highlights of his American journey.

After his U.S. visit, Kipling settled in London, where his poetry, short stories, and novels soon catapulted him to literary fame. In 1907 he became the first Englishman to win the Nobel Prize for literature.

While Rudyard Kipling's American letters to an obscure newspaper in India have remained largely unknown, his youthful journey did have one lasting result: soon after his arrival in London, Kipling managed to find an American girl and marry her. —Pamela Herr

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK COLLECTION, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



Above: "May their master die an evil death at the hand of a mad locomotive!' Rudyard Kipling said of the rambunctious and uninhibited Yellowstone tourists he traveled with during the summer of 1889, riding in a stagecoach like this one between the Cinnabar railway station and the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs.

TODAY I AM IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK, and I wish I were dead. The train halted at Cinnabar station, and we were decanted, a howling crowd of us, into stages, variously horsed, for the eight-mile drive to the first spectacle of the Park—a place called the Mammoth Hot Springs.

"What means this eager, anxious throng?" I asked the driver.

"You've struck one of Rayment's [Raymond's] excursion parties—that's all—a crowd of Creator-condemned fools mostly. Aren't you one of 'em?"

"No," I said. "May I sit up here with you, great chief and man with a golden tongue? I do not know Mister Rayment. I belong to T. Cook and Son." The other person, from the quality of the material he handles, must be the son of a sea-cook. He collects masses of Down-Easters from the New England States and elsewhere and hurls them across the Continent and into the Yellowstone Park on tour. A brake-load of Cook's Continental tourists trapezing through Paris (I've seen 'em) are angels of light compared to the Rayment trippers. It is not the ghastly vulgarity, the oozing, rampant Bessemer-steel self-sufficiency and ignorance of the men that revolts me, so much as the display of these same qualities in the women-folk.

"Are these—um—persons here any sort of persons in their own places?" I asked a shepherd who appeared to be herding them.

"Why, certainly. They include very many prominent and representative citizens from seven States of the Union, and most of them are wealthy. Yes, *sir*. Representative and prominent."

We ran across bare hills on an unmetalled road under a burning sun in front of a volley of playful repartee from the prominent citizens inside. It was the 4th of July. The horses had American flags in their head-stalls, some of the women wore flags and coloured handkerchiefs in their belts.

En route we passed other carriages full of trippers, who had done their appointed five days in the Park, and yelped at us fraternally as they disappeared in clouds of red dust. When we struck the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel—a huge yellow barn—a sign-board informed us that the altitude was six thousand two hundred feet. The Park is just a howling wilderness of three thousand square miles, full of all imaginable freaks of a fiery nature. An hotel company, assisted by the Secretary of State for the Interior, appears to control it; there are hotels at all the points of interest, guide-books, stalls for the sale of minerals, and so forth, after the model of Swiss summer places.

The tourists—may their master die an evil death at the hand of a mad locomotive!—poured into that place with

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. JAY HAYNES: THE HAYNES FOUNDATION, BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Above: "The park is just a howling wilderness," Kipling reported of Yellowstone, but these sightseers posed among the strange travertine formations of Minerva's Terrace are nevertheless costumed for a promenade in Central Park. Kipling saw armed soldiers patrolling the park "in order that the tourist may not bring up fence-rails and sink them in a pool, or chip the fretted tracery of the formation with a geological hammer, or, walking where the crust is too thin, foolishly cook himself."

a joyful whoop, and, scarce washing the dust from themselves, began to celebrate the 4th of July. They called it "patriotic exercises"; elected a clergyman of their own faith as president, and, sitting on the landing of the first floor, began to make speeches and read the Declaration of Independence. The clergyman rose up and told them they were the greatest, freest, sublimest, most chivalrous, and richest people on the face of the earth, and they all said Amen. Another clergyman asserted in the words of the Declaration that all men were created equal, and equally entitled to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. I should like to know whether the wild and woolly West recognises this first right as freely as the grantors intended. The clergyman then bade the world note that the tourists included representatives of seven of the New England States; whereat I felt deeply sorry for the New England States in their latter days. He opined that this running to and fro upon the earth, under the auspices of the excellent Rayment, would draw America more closely together, especially when the Westerners remembered the perils that they of the East had surmounted by rail and river. At duly appointed intervals the congregation sang "My country, 'tis of thee" to the tune of "God save the Queen" (here they did not stand up) and the "Star-Spangled Banner" (here they did), winding up the exercise with some doggrel of their own composition to the tune of "John Brown's Body," movingly setting forth the perils before alluded to. They then adjourned to the verandahs and watched firecrackers of the feeblest, exploding one by one, for several hours.

What amazed me was the calm with which these folks gathered together and commenced to belaud their noble selves, their country, and their "institootions" and everything else that was theirs. The language was, to these bewildered ears, wild advertisement, gas, bunkum, blow, anything you please beyond the bounds of common sense. An archangel, selling town lots on the Glassy Sea, would have blushed to the tips of his wings to describe his property in similar terms.

TWICE HAVE I WRITTEN THIS LETTER from end to end. Twice have I torn it up, fearing lest those across the water should say that I had gone mad on a sudden. Now we will begin for the third time quite solemnly and soberly. I have been through the Yellowstone National Park in a buggy, in the company of an adventurous old lady from Chicago and her husband, who disapproved of scenery as being "ongodly." I fancy it scared them.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.E. STIMSON; WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, CHEYENNE

Above: In Kipling's day, Yellowstone visitors, like this group pausing to inspect Sunset Lake at Upper Geyser Basin, toured the park by buggy. Kipling himself shared a coach with an outspoken old lady from Chicago who used her parasol to poke at geysers "as though they had been alive," while her husband viewed the foaming pools "and mourned for steam-power wasted."

Entering a buggy of fragile construction, with the old people from Chicago, I embarked on my perilous career. We ran straight up a mountain till we could see, sixty miles away, the white houses of Cook City on another mountain, and the whiplash-like trail leading thereto. The live air made me drunk. If Tom, the driver, had proposed to send the mares in a bee-line to the city, I should have assented, and so would the old lady, who chewed gum and talked about her symptoms. The tub-ended rock-dog, which is but the translated prairie-dog, broke across the road under our horses' feet, the rabbit and the chipmunk danced with fright; we heard the roar of the river, and the road went round a corner. On one side piled rock and shale, that enjoined silence for fear of a general slide-down; on the other a sheer drop, and a fool of a noisy river below. Then, apparently in the middle of the road, lest any should find driving too easy, a post of rock. Nothing beyond that save the flank of a cliff. Then my stomach departed from me, as it does when you swing, for we left the dirt, which was at least some guarantee of safety, and sailed out round the curve, and up a steep incline, on a plank-road built out from the cliff. The planks were nailed at the outer edge, and did not shift or creak very much—but enough, quite enough. That was the Golden Gate. I got my stomach back again when we trotted out on to a vast upland adorned with a lake and hills. Have you ever seen an untouched land—the face of virgin Nature? It is rather a curious sight, because the hills are choked with timber that has never known an axe, and the storm has rent a way through this timber, so that a hundred thousand trees lie matted together in swathes; and, since each tree lies where it falls, you may behold trunk and branch returning to the earth whence they sprang—exactly as the body of a man returns—each limb making its own little grave, the grass climbing above the bark, till at last there remains only the outline of a tree upon the rank undergrowth.

Then we drove under a cliff of obsidian, which is black glass, some two hundred feet high; and the road at its foot was made of black glass that crackled. This was no great matter, because half an hour before Tom had pulled up in the woods that we might sufficiently admire a mountain who stood all by himself, shaking with laughter or rage.

The glass cliff overlooks a lake where the beavers built a dam about a mile and a half long in a zigzag line, as their necessities prompted. Then came the Government and strictly preserved them, and, as you shall learn later on, they be damn impudent beasts. The old lady had hardly explained the natural history of beavers before we climbed some hills—it really didn't matter in that climate, because we could have scaled the stars—and (this mattered very much indeed) shot down a desperate, dusty slope, brakes

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Jeanne Carr: One Woman and Sunshine

by Jane Apostol

JOHN MUIR called her his spiritual mother. Pasadenans admired her as the woman who planted the groves and gardens of Carmelita and made the estate a cultural center of Southern California. To a reporter writing in 1873 she was an "enthusiastic Botanist, a devoted and heart-absorbed worker for the good and advancement of her sex, a delightful contributor to the Magazines."

The woman was Jeanne Carr, who before her marriage was Jeanne Caroline Smith. A Yankee and proud of it, she was born May 12, 1825, in Castleton, Vermont, a scenic little town near Fort Ticonderoga in New York State. Her father told her the first thing she saw was the sun rising over the mountain, and "she was baptized by the God of Day, 'the child of the morning.' "

Her parents, Caroline and Dr. Albert Smith, had New England roots going back to colonial days, and the child grew up with grandparents and great-grandparents who told her stories of wars and Indian raids in which the women were as heroic as the men. Jeanne Carr was proud of her heritage and of her right to be a Daughter of the American Revolution but she said, "I am still more a daughter of the evolution, with 'looking forward and not backward' the motto of my shield."

Jeanne began school at the age of three and was a naturalist at nine. She loved walking through the beautiful countryside around Castleton in search of plants for her wild garden and herbarium. As a nine-year-old, she collected almost seven hundred species and learned their Latin names. The principal of Castleton Seminary encouraged her passion for plants. So did a family friend who gave her a botany text to study. In fragmentary memoirs, now in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, Jeanne Carr wrote, "This was the beginning of many precious friendships born in flower loves: with dear old Prof. Chester Dewey, with younger Asa Gray, and Dr. Torrey and George Clinton; with Lapham in Wisconsin and Albert Kellogg in California."

From the age of ten, Jeanne spent part of every year with her grandparents in Williamstown, Massachusetts. There she met professors from Williams College who took an interest in her studies. She also became acquainted with such well-known writers as Alice B. Neal, Lydia Maria Child, and Catharine Sedgwick, whose style Jeanne tried to imitate. She especially admired Catharine Sedgwick's friend, actress and author Fanny Kemble Butler, "the most witching, utterly fascinating and unforgettable of her sex."

In 1844, when she was nineteen, Jeanne Smith married Ezra Slocum Carr, a handsome professor six years her senior. Dr. Carr had come to Vermont from New York in 1842 to join the faculty and administrative staff of Castleton Medical College. An ambitious scholar with degrees in science, engineering, and medicine, he was captivated by Jeanne's lively intelligence and charm.

The new Mrs. Carr asserted her independence early. She

had always hated fences, explaining, "It's bad enough to be forced to spend so large a portion of one's life under roofs, but it's even worse to be constantly reminded of our 'fallen estate' by man's efforts to keep out intruders and to prevent trespass." Dr. Carr gave his bride a home with fences around "front yard, back yard, clothes yard, cow yard... and small garden and amid these my generous, not long but truly suffering young husband intended to imprison me." Taking action as soon as her husband was off on a lecture trip, Jeanne Carr removed all the fences, sold them to a neighbor, and replanted the grounds. "When the man of the house came back glorying in three-months-old whiskers, I gloried in my grass, my borders of iris and daffodils, my ... young fruit trees—a specimen of every class which would endure the climate."

In a diary she began on her twenty-sixth birthday and continued for just two months, Jeanne Carr referred often to her trials as a wife and the mother of two young sons. She delighted in her children and in teaching them a love of nature, but she found that her household duties kept her from the work she wanted to do. She complained of "this fearful sacrifice of time to the petty nothings of daily life" and summed up her problems when she wrote, "I find trials everyday amid my happiness—trials in the temper of my elder boy, in the withdrawal of that smile which could & should make the light of home, and in the pressure of household duties which drag down my spirit. . . . I think we have a nobler work than lilies of the valley, but one cannot help wishing like them neither to toil nor spin." Many years later she wrote that the role of housewife would not take on higher meaning "until science prepares the materials and implements, until education is universal, and woman self-respecting and free."

Nevertheless, over the years Jeanne Carr managed to make a life for herself outside of domestic routine. She continued her study of botany, wrote for publication, and worked with her husband for educational change. But her potential was only partially tapped. The feminist leader Anne Dickinson wrote to her when Jeanne Carr was forty-six: "I have so often thought and pondered over your life, so strange, new—in a multitude of ways so bare and bald and unsatisfactory to you." Jeanne Carr herself, at the end of her life, spoke sadly of fifty years of self-effacement for the sake of her family.

PASADENA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Jeanne Carr at eighteen posed for this pensive portrait. Feminist, naturalist, and writer, she is remembered today chiefly for her influence on writer and naturalist John Muir.

THE CARRS lived in Castleton until 1853, then moved to Albany where Dr. Carr taught at the medical college and university. In 1856, when he was inaugurated as professor of chemistry and natural history at the University of Wisconsin, the family settled in Madison, and Jeanne Carr quickly became one of the town's social and cultural leaders. In fact, people considered her the driving force behind her husband and "rather the more alive of the two."

It was in Madison, in 1860, that she first met John Muir.

She was thirty-five, the mother of four young sons aged three to thirteen. A friend described her then as "a pretty woman with tawny hair, a sweet expression, and a charming voice. Plainly dressed she was always going about botanizing, skipping like a girl." Muir was twenty-two, a backwoods farmer with an inquiring mind and a genius for machinery. He had come to the State Agricultural Fair in Madison to exhibit a few of his inventions: a remarkably sensitive thermometer and some ingenious hand-carved wooden clocks. They attracted such attention that the secretary of the Agricultural Society asked Jeanne Carr to report on them to a special prize committee. After her evaluation the committee awarded Muir fifteen dollars and commended him as "a genius in the best sense."

That fall Muir entered the university at Madison, and the Carrs welcomed the young student into their home, where he found "books, peace, kindliness, patience." Muir studied chemistry and geology with Ezra Carr and learned from him about naturalist Louis Agassiz and his glaciation theory. Years later in California, Jeanne Carr acted as intermediary between Agassiz, who was visiting San Francisco, and Muir, who was studying glacial action in the Sierra.

After Muir left the university, he shyly agreed to a written exchange of thoughts with Jeanne Carr. From Canada he wrote her, "I shall not forget the Doctor, who first laid before me the great book of Nature." He added with emotion, "O how frequently, Mrs. Carr, when lonely and wearied, have I wished that like some hungry worm I could creep into that delicious kernel of your house, your library, with its portraits of scientific men, and so bountiful a store of their sheaves amid the blossom and verdure of your little kingdom of plants."

Jeanne Carr and Muir corresponded for a quarter of a century. *Letters to a Friend,* a little book published in 1915, contains a selection of Muir's correspondence with her between 1865 and 1879. He wrote most of the letters from Yosemite and in them described his activities, his scientific observations, and his joyful love of the mountains. "I have not before sent these feelings and thoughts to anybody," he confessed, "but I know that I am writing to one who by long and deep communion with Nature understands them and can tell me what is true or false and unworthy in my experiences."

In 1867 the regents of the University of Wisconsin appointed a new president and dismissed most of the old faculty, including Ezra Carr, who had frequently been involved in academic controversy. The following year the Carrs sailed for California, uncertain if they would stay but carrying letters of introduction to people associated with the College (soon to be University) of California in Oakland. On their arrival in San Francisco, finding "the debris of the earthquake of '68 scarcely cleared away, the hotels and boarding houses overfull," they continued on to Los Angeles. On her first visit to Southern California, where she was later to make her home, Jeanne Carr discussed the history and resources of the area with prominent citizens like former Californio governor Pio Pico and early settler Don Benito Wilson. She drove by sheep pastures and over "mere tracks through the flowery sod" to San Gabriel and noted the Indian children swarming like bees in the narrow adobe-lined streets. Everywhere she went she marveled at California's luxuriance of fruits and flowers. In a dispatch from San Francisco to the *Western Farmer* she wrote of seeing grapes and strawberries in the market in December and wondering if she was at the exhibit of some horticultural society.

In 1869, Dr. Carr was appointed professor of agriculture, agricultural chemistry, and horticulture at the fledgling University of California. Classes opened that September in Oakland, and the Carrs moved to a large house across from the temporary campus. In Oakland, as in Madison and later in Pasadena, Jeanne Carr made her home a center where prominent actors, artists, writers and scientists gathered. The painter William Keith was a special friend, and so was the poet Charles Warren Stoddard, who once admonished her, "If you do not write to me I shall starve to death."

Others besides Muir and Stoddard valued Jeanne Carr's letters. "Write upon every provocation!" the botanist J. G. Lemmon urged her. "Send me some little word of cheer," asked poet Ina Coolbrith. William Mills, a San Francisco friend, may have best expressed what so many people appreciated in Jeanne Carr when he remarked on the "serene thoughtfulness" of her friendship. She had been an inspiration to him, he said, because of her "sympathy, appreciation, good will, and that kindly regard which is the very essence of unselfish and unworldly love."

MUIR WAS WORKING as a shepherd in the Sierra when he learned of Jeanne Carr's arrival in California. "I have thought of you hundreds of times in my seasons of deepest joy," he wrote her in a glad note of welcome. "Of all my friends you are the only one that understands my motives and enjoyments." He was eager for her "Yosemite baptism" and suggested they take a scientific ramble in the summer of 1869. She set out for Yosemite Valley in June, first stopping to visit the coast redwoods. She found "their grandeur almost too oppressive to bear alone" and "cried out . . . against the wickedness of sawing the redwoods into lumber."

Muir was to meet her in Mariposa, but he was not there when she arrived. The letter with details of her schedule had not reached him before he set off from the Valley. "J--- is keeping his sheep a few miles away on one of these uplifted meadows," she wrote, "but I cannot call him."

Nevertheless, she enjoyed her first visit to Yosemite and took pleasure in its flora. On a root of the Grizzly Giant in the Mariposa Big Trees Grove, she found a beautiful snow

plant which she packed in moss and carried back in the crown of her hat. Bareheaded and with hands encumbered, she rode six miles on horseback "down pitches where I needed to cling to my pommel and did not for the flower's sake." She also found a clump of long-stemmed Washington lilies, and these she looped together and tied over her shoulder. "So decorated," she wrote, "I rode up to [Galen] Clark's where Miss [Dorothea] Dix from her rocking chair on the verandah regarded the phenomenon with disapproving eyes."

Over the next few years, Jeanne Carr introduced many friends to Muir so that he might have "kinship with kindred minds." She sent scientists Joseph LeConte and Asa Gray, artist William Keith, and philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson to visit Muir in Yosemite. Muir wrote back in appreciation, "You are unweariable in your kindness to me, and you helm my fate more than all the world beside." Emerson was so moved by his conversations with Muir that he made a special trip to Oakland to thank Jeanne Carr.

Just as she had once persuaded Muir to write her his thoughts, Jeanne Carr now urged him to write for publication. She even suggested topics and advised him on style. Early in 1872 she submitted one of his manuscripts to the *Overland Monthly*, which published it in April as "Yosemite in Flood." Later that year the magazine published Muir's "Living Glaciers of California" and "A Walk in Tenaya Canyon," which had both originated as letters to Jeanne Carr.

After her first trip to Yosemite, Muir had written her, "The kind of meeting you have had with Yosemite answers well enough for most people, but it will not do for you. When will you return to the mountains?" She returned during the summer of 1873 and spent a happy three months there. The first part of the summer she camped out in Tenaya Canyon with her youngest son, Al, and with Muir, William Keith, and Albert Kellogg. Later she and Kellogg spent six weeks studying the mountain flora. Some people looked askance at her camping trips without her husband, but a newspaper correspondent noted approvingly that Jeanne Carr "scales the highest summits of the Sierra Mountains on botanical expeditions, and practically asserts woman's rights by carrying her portion of the tent and provisions over heights that only the feet of Indians have trod."

In July she became the first woman on record to enter Hetch Hetchy and Tuolumne Canyon. "An exploring adventuress," an Oakland newspaper called her. From a height of 9,400 feet she and the three men climbed over snow banks and through chaparral down to the Tuolumne River. Once they had to creep on hands and knees "between a snow avalanche and the rock wall against which it rested." It was a hard climb to the cascades in the heart of the canyon. "The admission here was shoes, stockings, gloves, and all superfluous weight of clothing. Barefooted and handed we stuck to the glacier-polished rocks and pulled ourselves up to the broad plane of a rock wall."

BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

John Muir, shown above in an 1872 photograph when he was thirty-four, was encouraged in his writing by Jeanne Carr, with whom he corresponded for a quarter of a century.

PASADENA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In July 1873, Al Carr (shown seated on a rock in the foreground) sketched his mother in conversation with John Muir, botanist Albert Kellogg, and artist William Keith. The scene is their Yosemite campground on Tenaya Creek above Mirror Lake.

At the cascades, first Muir, then Keith and Kellogg fell ill. They were all hungry, "the butter gone—no sugar, and only cracked wheat and poor coffee." When they set out again, they found bears had raided their cached supplies. No one complained, and at the end of their two-week excursion Jeanne Carr wrote, "Our feat was accomplished. ...Keith had fine sketches and the Doctor and myself many plants." She also noted with satisfaction, "I was the only one who had not been ill or disabled by the severe exercise, and I feel quite as fresh today as the ordinary tourists who come in from the little trips around the Valley."

Jeanne Carr's friend Emelie Parkhurst gave an amusing account of a sketch Jeanne Carr made in Yosemite although she had neither pencil, brush, nor drawing paper: "Suddenly she bethought herself of an expedient. She wore a bloomer suit and one cotton undergarment—a chemise. She removed this latter, and tore out a piece from it about a foot square. Taking a spoonful of flour, and mixing it with a little water, she pasted a sheet of botanist's paper on the cloth. There was a large onion in their meagre camping outfit. She whittled off a small piece of pine, chewed the end into a brush, crushed the end of the onion until a teaspoonful of juice had exuded, and made her sketch." Perhaps the unorthodox medium was suggested by a letter to "My Carr" which Muir had written with sequoia sap.

In the fall of 1873, Jeanne Carr planted thirty species of pine trees on the University of California grounds and confided to Muir that the work tired the body but refreshed the spirit.

Muir had planned to spend that winter with the Carrs but found them in mourning for their oldest son, Ezra, Jr., a brakeman who had been crushed to death between two railroad cars. Three years later another son, John, shot and killed himself. The two surviving sons—the Ned and Allie of Muir's *Letters to a Friend*—lived to be eighty. Strangely, none of the four boys, raised by brilliant parents who surrounded them with books and culture, graduated from college or attained any kind of professional career. Perhaps they shrank from competition with their parents and the fascinating people they knew. Perhaps they rebelled against the intellectual life which absorbed their parents' time and interest. Jeanne Carr once described herself as womanly and maternal. Others looked to her as a spiritual mother, but somehow her own children did not flourish.

By 1875 Jeanne Carr was so caught up in political affairs that Muir commented on the weary tone of her letters. "Where are you?" he asked. "Lost in conventions, elections, women's rights and fights, and buried beneath many a load of musty granger hay."

The Carrs had helped organize California farmers into a state grange, and in 1873 and 1874 they actively supported the Grangers in a bitter dispute over the future of the University of California. President David Coit Gilman wanted a liberal arts university, but Dr. Carr and his fellow Grangers envisioned a less elitist and more practical curriculum that emphasized agriculture and the mechanic arts. Newspapers took sides in the controversy, and when they attacked her husband, Jeanne Carr came eloquently to his

PACIFIC CENTER FOR WESTERN STUDIES, UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, STOCKTON

In 1877 the Carr family moved to Pasadena. There Jeanne Carr, shown here with her husband in the garden of their new home, Carmelita, developed the finest collection of plants in Southern California. The cabin in the picture was used by the Carrs as a retreat for reading and study.

defense.

In 1874 the Board of Regents asked Dr. Carr to resign and when he refused, dismissed him. The Grangers were outraged. The following year their support of Carr helped elect him when he ran for state superintendent of public instruction.

Ezra Carr appointed his wife deputy superintendent. She was one of the first women in California to hold high public office. Indeed, she must have assumed the duties of superintendent when her husband fell seriously ill after the death of their second son. In addition to her other responsibilities, she wrote many articles on education and lectured throughout the state. Her favorite subject was the education of women and her theme the need for practical training. "Let the object of education, higher or lower, broader and narrower, be kept in view *as usefulness*," she wrote. She proposed summer classes in the useful arts and normal schools which would not only train teachers but also train women to take their place at the head of the family. Years later, as a trustee of Throop Polytechnic Institute, the forerunner of Caltech, she thanked Father Throop "for making no discrimination in matter of sex in opening the doors of the university" and congratulated him for providing a practical education "that will increase the bread-winning and home-making power of every student."

She continued her Grange activities and explained the value of the Grange for women. "It is our training school for business, our training school in order and organization. . . . Every thoughtful woman will cling to the Grange for the opportunities it gives her for the widest usefulness."

In 1877 she served on the state board of the Grange along with Louise Strentzel, "the only woman I ever knew who seemed a mate for John." It was at the Carrs that John Muir met Louise Strentzel, who became his wife in 1880.

It was not until 1880, when their term of office expired, that the Carrs moved to Southern California, but they had considered its possibilities much earlier. "And so you contemplate vines and oranges among the warm California angels," Muir wrote her in 1874. This was the year her husband was dismissed from the university, and it was also the year that Pasadena was founded.

One of the first settlers in Pasadena was Dr. O. H. Congar, who had been a student at the University of Wisconsin when Muir and the Carrs were there. In 1876, Dr. Congar helped Jeanne Carr negotiate the purchase of forty-two acres in Pasadena extending along Colorado from Orange Grove to Fair Oaks and north toward the mountains. "Considering our intelligent and enterprising community," Congar wrote the Carrs, "I do not believe there is a more *choice* spot on the continent." On this property, where the Norton Simon Museum of Art now stands, Jeanne Carr built Carmelita with its orchards and arboretum. Explaining the name of her estate she said, "Carmel means a grove and I will make it thick here with trees, and it shall be Carmelita, a little grove."

She bought the Carmelita property in February 1877 for about seventy-five dollars an acre. "Permit me to say that

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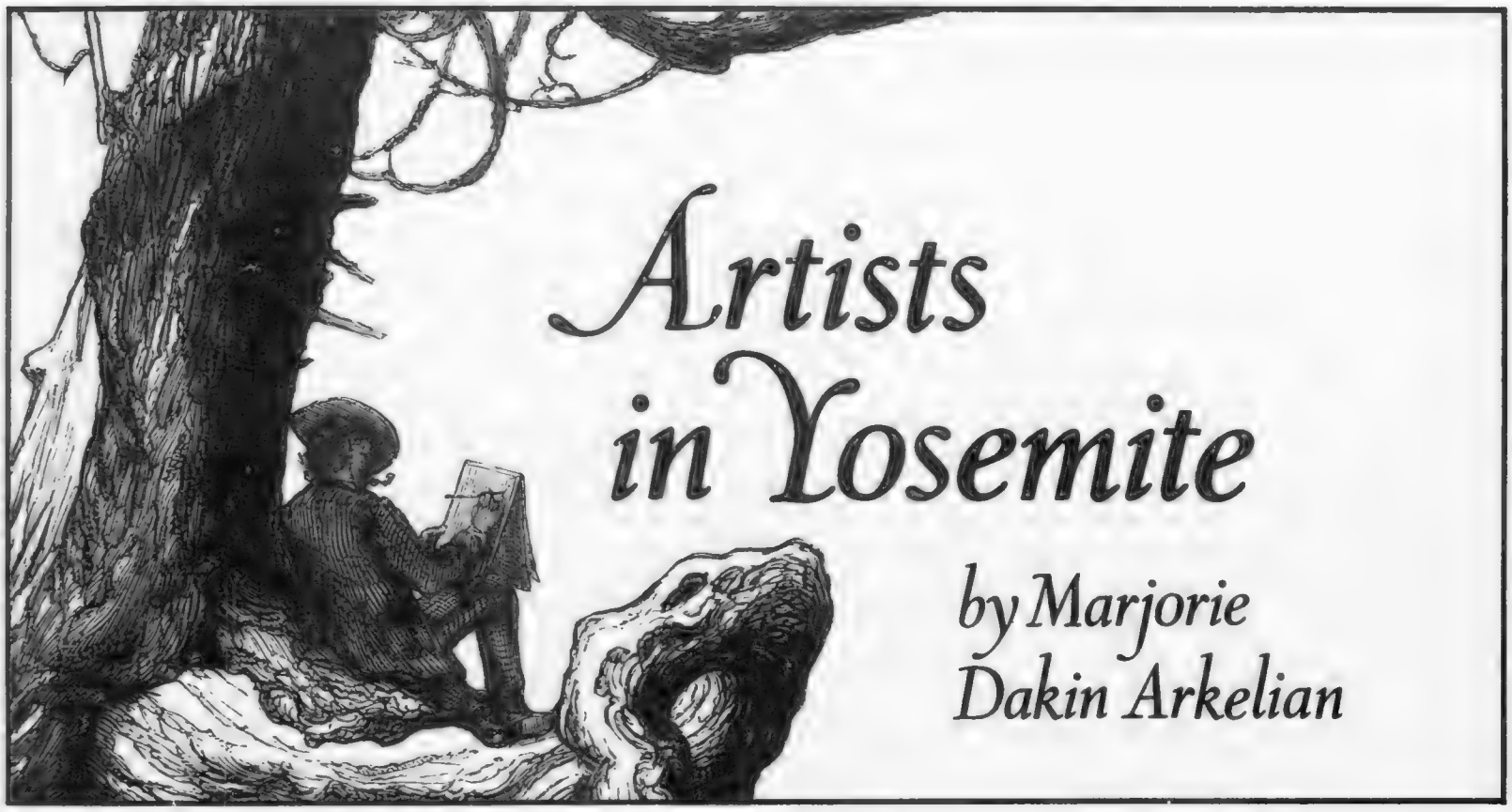

Artists in Yosemite

by Marjorie Dakin Arkelian

"We were entering a mysterious country—to us unknown," wrote San Francisco publisher James Mason Hutchings, who in June of 1855 had organized what has been called the first tourist party to visit California's Yosemite Valley.

Though trappers had occasionally entered the area since the 1830s, the native Yo-Semite tribe had been driven from its stronghold in the remote Sierra valley only four years before Hutchings's visit, and ancient Indian trails still offered the only access. "The journey before us was full of uncertain lights and shadows—so might its ending possibly be," Hutchings continued. "Our guides were Indians, and from a tribe that bore no enviable reputation; and were, moreover, strangers to us. They were conducting us among the unbroken solitudes of the forest and away from civilization."

Lured to Yosemite by tales of such mysterious splendors as a "giant water-fall one thousand feet high," the expedition had a dual purpose. Not only did Hutchings intend to see Yosemite's fabled sights but—linking beauty and commerce—to publish drawings of them in his new illustrated magazine. Thus artist Thomas A. Ayres, a Forty-niner from New Jersey, was among the small group who accompanied Hutchings on his touring adventure.

The Hutchings party had reached the Sierra mining town of Mariposa by stagecoach, and from there set out on horseback for Yosemite Valley, some fifty miles away. Following their Indian guides, the group rode through dense thickets, occasionally glimpsing deer in a clearing or a covey of grouse. Sighting the "Marvelous Valley" at last, the party was overcome with emotion. Hutchings wrote: "Neither the language of tongue or pen, nor the most perfect successes of art can approximately present that picture. It was sublimity materialized in granite, and beauty crystallized into object forms."

Nevertheless Ayres—like most of the artists who followed him—proceeded to try. Using black chalk on sandpaper, he immediately began "the first view ever taken" at Yosemite. Ayres finished *View from Inspiration Point* before the party descended to camp among the deepening shadows on the valley floor.

During the next five days, Ayres also sketched *El Capitan; Yosemite Domes; Cascade of the Rainbow;* and on the last day, *Yosemite Falls* (reproduced on the opposite page), which the artist called "the High Falls." That autumn in San Francisco, Hutchings and Rosenfeld published a lithograph of Ayres's last sketch, while four of his Yosemite drawings appeared in the first issue of Hutchings's *California Illustrated Magazine,* along with Hutchings's account of the Yosemite trip.

Ayres was not a notably skilled artist, and none of his Yosemite sketches instill the viewer with any true sense of the valley's beauty, but he was quick to exploit the pub-

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Yosemite Falls
by Thomas A. Ayres, 1855

A lithograph based on the pencil sketch at right, drawn by Yosemite artist Thomas Ayres in the summer of 1855, became the first published illustration to show marvels from the soon-to-be-famous valley.

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK COLLECTION, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Looking up the Yosemite Valley
by Albert Bierstadt (undated)

HAGGIN COLLECTION, PIONEER MUSEUM AND HAGGIN GALLERIES, STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

Albert Bierstadt, during his prime probably the most renowned of all western landscape artists, made an idyllic visit to Yosemite in 1863 in the company of fellow painters Virgil Williams and Enoch Wood Perry. A number of epic studio canvases based on his studies from this and subsequent excursions would bring added acclaim

to both the artist and Yosemite. In the view above, a member of the expedition—perhaps Bierstadt himself—has dropped behind his companions to sketch a panorama that includes 3,600-foot El Capitan (left), the Merced River, and Cathedral Rocks and Bridalveil Falls (right).

High Waterfall, Yosemite National Park by Gilbert Munger (undated)

This painting by Gilbert Munger, a former artist with Clarence King's Survey of the Fortieth Parallel, is representative of works by the many lesser-known but important painters who were attracted to Yosemite.

licity obtained as the creator of "the first views ever taken." In 1856, he made a second trip to Yosemite, accompanied by the pioneer photographer C. L. Weed, who is credited with the first photographs of the valley.

Easterners marveled at California's scenic wonders when a full series of Ayres's Yosemite views were exhibited the following year at the American Art Union in New York City. As a result of this exposure, Ayres was commissioned by *Harper's* to do a series of California landscapes. But on April 26, 1858, with a portfolio of fresh California sketches in hand, he was drowned when the schooner *Laura Bevin* capsized off the California coast.

ONCE YOSEMITE HAD BEEN PENETRATED and publicized by Hutchings and Ayres, it quickly became a mecca for western artists challenged to capture its overwhelming beauty on canvas. Most of these artists painted in the pre-impressionist romantic-realist style prevalent in the nineteenth century.

There is considerable controversy over who can be credited with the first original oil landscape painting of a Yosemite scene. While many of Ayres's Yosemite drawings can be seen today at the Yosemite Museum, his oil paintings, though mentioned by his contemporaries, have been lost. Thus the honor may belong to a Frenchman, Antoine Claveau, for in 1857 the San Francisco *Bulletin* reported, "A panorama of Yosemite Falls and Valley [is] now being painted there by Mons. Claveau . . . in a tent high enough to contain the canvas." Claveau exhibited the panorama several times in San Francisco in 1857 and 1858, but like Ayres's oils, it has disappeared.

Frederick A. Butman—believed to be the first artist in California to specialize in landscape painting—was another early Yosemite visitor. He became a San Francisco resident in 1857 and in that same year exhibited a Yosemite landscape which bore the caption, "Earliest known painting of Yosemite Valley." In 1859 another source noted, "F. Butterman [sic] won first premium at the state fair for a Yosemite painting." Little is known of Butman's life, but his style—which features an unsophisticated originality with tightly gravured compositions and bright colors—evoked equal amounts of adverse and favorable comment from the press and public.

Another early Yosemite artist was James Madison Alden. A native of Massachusetts and a direct descendant of Pilgrims John and Priscilla Alden, he worked as a staff artist for the United States Coastal Survey and the United States-Canadian Boundary Survey in the 1850s. Alden, who made sensitive pencil and watercolor sketches of scenes from San Diego to British Columbia, painted nine Yosemite landscapes in delicate watercolors, six of which are dated 1859.

William Smith Jewett also painted early oils of Yosemite. A successful New York portrait painter, he gave up his career to join the Gold Rush to California in 1849. Quickly disillusioned (he reported from the gold fields, "It is difficult to say which predominates here, mud or gold"), he returned to his former profession and established a studio in San Francisco in 1850. Eventually his paintings, along with some shrewd real estate investments, made him so prosperous that he was able to purchase a castle in the Pyrenees. His three known oil paintings of Yosemite bear dates in the 1860s, but they were probably painted from sketches taken in 1859. Although Jewett is better known for his picturesque portraits of California's leading politicians and businessmen, his rare landscapes are highly prized today.

In the early 1860s grand-scale California landscape paintings were in great demand to decorate the palatial mansions of California's Bonanza Kings. Enoch Wood Perry, a genre painter of international repute, traveled to California in 1862, where he discovered that such landscape paintings were more saleable than his forte, scenes of everyday life.

Perry was a friend of the great German-born American landscape painter Albert Bierstadt, for they had studied together in Düsseldorf, a popular German art center. Bierstadt, whose grand epic landscapes of the Rocky Mountains had elevated him to full membership in the National Academy of Design in New York City in 1860, came to California for the first time in 1863. He and his traveling companion, the journalist Fitz Hugh Ludlow, established headquarters in San Francisco's Occidental Hotel and immediately planned a trip to the Yosemite with Perry.

The trip was memorable. Bierstadt, Ludlow, Perry, metallurgist-physicist John Hewston, and a leading resident painter, Virgil Williams, traveled by horseback, following the Mariposa Trail into the valley. Like the Hutchings party before them, they first saw Yosemite from Inspiration Point. Ludlow described the sight: "We did not so much seem to be seeing from that crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed."

During their long stay in the valley, the group rose early to breakfast on pancakes, coffee, and occasional wild game. "Then," wrote Ludlow, "the artists with their camp-stools and color-boxes, the sages with their goggles, nets, botany-boxes, and bug-holders, the gentlemen of elegant leisure with their naked eyes and a fish-rod or a gun, all rode away whither they listed, firing back Parthian shots of injunction about the dumpling in the grouse-fricassee.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE KENNEDY GALLERIES, NEW YORK CITY

Yosemite Valley by Thomas Hill, 1876

COLLECTION OF THE OAKLAND MUSEUM; GIFT OF THE KAHN FOUNDATION

Widely known as "The Pioneer Artist of Yosemite," Thomas Hill painted hundreds of oils of the region over a period of more than thirty years, thereby doing much to focus public attention on it as a jewel of nature and tourist mecca. Beginning in 1885, Hill maintained a studio near the park entrance. The heroic canvas below, which presents a view looking east into the heart of the Yosemite Valley, measures six by ten feet in size and is considered to be among the artist's foremost works.

In the foreground of this painting, Hill has included a small group of riders ascending one of the trails leading in and out of the valley; for nearly a quarter-century after Yosemite was opened such routes provided the only access. Arriving tourists found the final descent to the valley floor particularly harrowing, for so narrow and steep was the trail that, as one observer wrote, "one false step would send horse and rider a mangled mass two thousand feet below . . . even the bravest lean timorously toward the mountain and away from the cliff, with foot loose in stirrup and eye alert, ready for a spring in case of peril. The thought is vain; should the horse go, the rider would infallibly go with him."

"Sitting in their divine workshop, by a little after sunrise our artists began labor in that only method which can ever make a true painter or a living landscape, color-studies on the spot; and though I am not here to speak of their results, I will assert that during their seven weeks' camp in the Valley they learned more and gained greater material for future triumphs than they had gotten in all their lives before at the feet of the greatest masters. . . . At evening, when the artists returned, half an hour was passed in a 'private view' of their day's studies; then came another dinner, called a supper; then the tea-kettle was emptied into a pan, and brush-washing with talk and pipes led the rest of the genial way to bed-time."

Bierstadt's Yosemite oil sketches demonstrate his typical method of field sketching by stippling or spraying a general color tone on a canvas board, then painting in the details he might need for a planned painting to be completed later in his studio. Bierstadt included Indians of the area in some of his sketches. Since he was not an accomplished figure painter, the Indians are solemnly, even awkwardly posed, but their clothing and artifacts are carefully drawn.

The grandiose studio oil paintings Bierstadt made of Yosemite brought even greater fame to the artist. Bierstadt used photography as an aid in developing some of these canvases, sometimes working with the assistance of California pioneer photographer Eadweard Muybridge.

In the 1880s, as the demand for theatrical landscapes diminished and new styles emanating from Europe became popular, Bierstadt's fortunes declined. Today, however, in the great revival of interest in nineteenth-century pre-impressionist art, both Bierstadt's small oil sketches and his great panoramic mountain landscapes are equally admired.

BY THE EARLY 1860s, when such artists as Bierstadt and Perry were sketching at Yosemite, it had become a popular tourist mecca though it was still accessible only by horse trail. Most artists, enthralled with its beauty, eagerly joined with conservationists in urging its preservation as a public park. In 1864, just nine years after Thomas Ayres had made the first sketches of Yosemite, Congress granted Yosemite Valley and the nearby Mariposa Big Tree Grove of giant *Sequoias* to California as its first state park. For the rest of the century, conservationists like John Muir, who first visited the park in 1868, struggled to ensure its expansion and protection.

One artist who was closely associated with Yosemite during this entire period was the versatile Thomas Hill. Though his early training at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts had led him into historical and portrait painting, he became a landscape artist after he came to California for his health in 1861. During these early years, he made his first sketching trips to Yosemite.

Hill's mature style developed in the late 1860s after he had traveled to Europe to study in the Paris studio of the

German painter Paul Meyerheim. Before his return to San Francisco, Hill opened a studio in Boston, where he did his first great panoramic oil painting of a Yosemite landscape, based on his earlier sketches. The picture received universal attention and was reproduced in the popular Prang color lithography process.

In 1871, Hill returned to San Francisco, where he continued to paint Yosemite scenes. His great epic painting *Yosemite Valley* (reproduced on pages 40-41) depicts the view from Artist's Point. Formerly owned by California governor Leland Stanford, the painting is currently in the Kahn Collection of the Oakland Museum.

In 1885, Hill opened a picturesque summer studio at Wawona, the gateway to Yosemite Park. Soon known as the "Pioneer Artist of Yosemite," the congenial Hill often painted, a cigar in one hand and a brush in the other, while surrounded by a crowd of visitors. Lady Theodora Gray, who saw Hill's studio in 1895, has described her visit:

"After supper we were conducted to the studio of a painter—one Mr. Hill, who had made some effective pictures of Yo Semite, chiefly from one point of view; and he said that autumn was the best time for color there; and no doubt he was right. He had various curiosities hung around his studio—wasp nests, hidiously [sic] large, dead rattlesnakes, skins of coyotes, squirrels, and wildcats, and other engaging wild beasts; some flowers beautifully dried by his daughters, retaining their colors, and some of them showed them to us . . . also the head of a Black-tailed Deer."

While he continued to paint portraits, still lifes, and other landscapes, Hill also turned out hundreds of "Yosemites" of every size, which he sold to tourists. While many of these works are repetitious, and Hill has sometimes been accused of "pot boiling" from a painterly formula, his works, then as now, are considered outstanding. With William Keith, Thomas Hill shares honors as the leading California resident landscape painter of the nineteenth century.

By the 1870s, artists from all over the world had established themselves in California, particularly in the San Francisco area, which remained for many decades the popular art center of the state. Hill, Keith, William Hahn, Charles Dormon Robinson, Virgil Williams, and others formed a group centered around the California School of Design, organized in 1874 by the San Francisco Art Association.

Of these painters, William Keith was the most popular, because he was one of the few who successfully progressed through periods marked by changes in style. Keith began as an engraver in San Francisco in the late1850s; by 1868 he had opened a studio on Bush Street, where he rapidly advanced to leadership among the notable painters of California landscapes. After studying in Düsseldorf, Keith returned to do a series featuring grand epic paintings of the wild river headwaters in the Sierra Nevada as well as Yosemite landscapes.

Though his paintings brought him a fortune, and his "Yosemites" were particularly admired, Keith, who in his maturity as a painter was usually the calm master of each brush stroke, was continually awed by the drama of Yosemite's ever-changing shadow and light effects. In 1875, after struggling for some time with a Yosemite canvas, he wrote to the publisher of the *Overland Monthly*, "Yosemite has yet to be painted—a month hasn't done it. It takes time to take it in and digest it or else the inevitable result will be artistic dyspepsia."

Keith's patrons and admirers thought otherwise, but when a critic commented that he was tired of bouncing around on the jagged tops of Keith's mountain peaks, the artist, after a second tour of Europe and studies in Munich, returned to paint a series of smaller landscapes with simplified compositions. "I am content," he said, "with a clump of trees, a field, a sky."

(Carl Wilhelm) William Hahn, a professionally-trained artist from Dresden and Düsseldorf, came to the United States about 1870 as a friend of William Keith. In the spring of 1872 the two artists shared a studio in Boston, and in June of that year Hahn accompanied Keith to San Francisco, where for ten years he remained as a resident painter. Hahn, a genre specialist, painted what may be the most interesting series of Yosemite landscapes involving figures and animals. Three paintings in the series are located, each depicting stylishly dressed men and women on a mule and horseback trek to Glacier Point. In the William Hahn Retrospective Exhibition at the Oakland Museum in 1976, these paintings were perhaps the most admired. Yet another Yosemite painting by Hahn shows a party of trappers crossing Yosemite Valley. A crude Indian wickiup, obviously a temporary shelter, is pictured in the middle distance of the landscape background.

Constance Frederica Gordon-Cumming, an adventurous Scottish watercolorist and author, visited Yosemite in 1878 and lived three months in the park. Gordon-Cumming exhibited twenty-five Yosemite drawings and about fifty detailed watercolors in the "grand show" she had promised tourists before leaving the valley. On July 28 she painted

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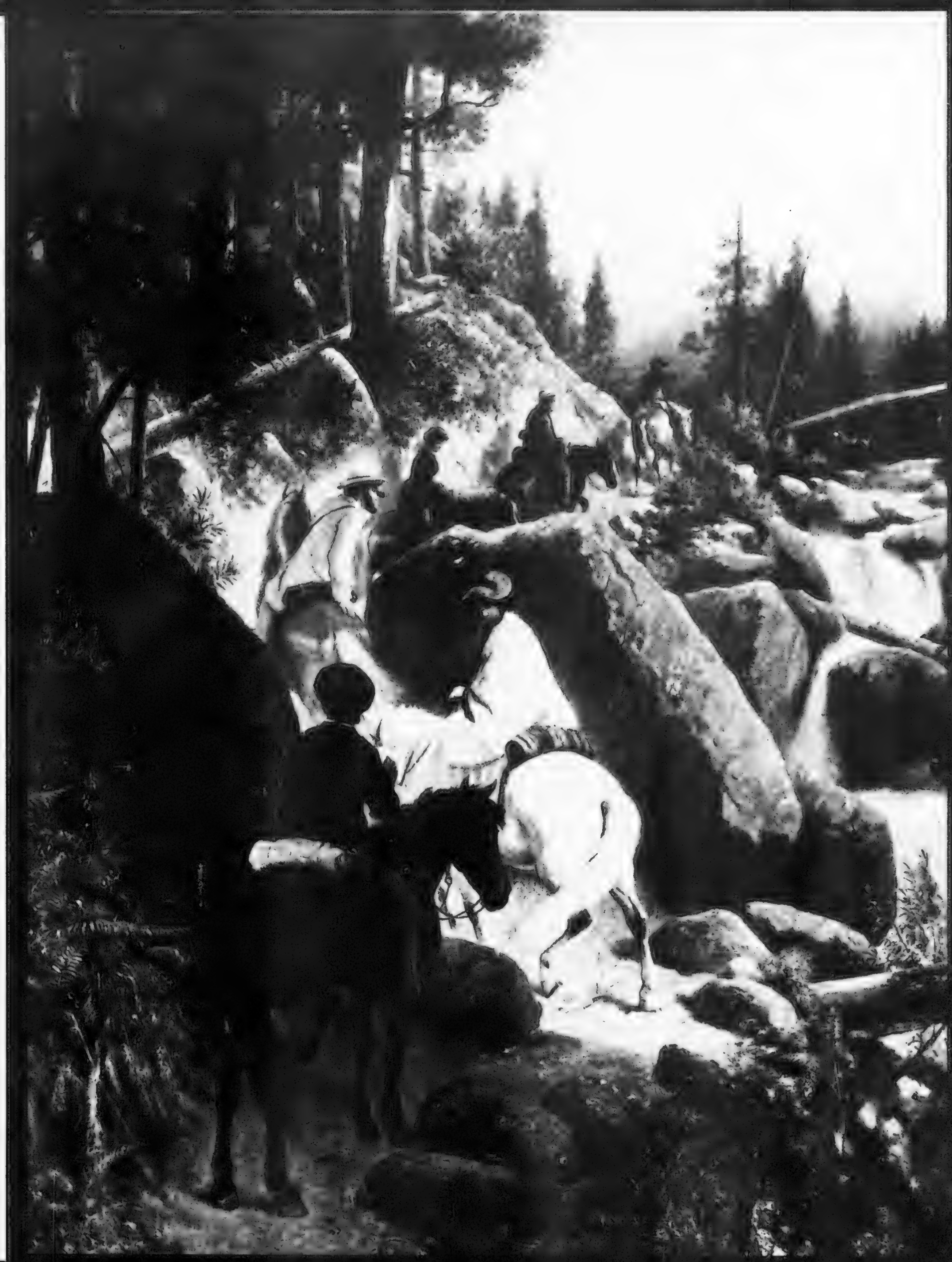
The Trip to Glacier Point by William Hahn, 1874

Genre painter William Hahn predictably focused his attention on visitors to Yosemite in a setting of the natural attractions of the region. The oil at right depicts the start of a tourist party's climb to Glacier Point—a favorite overlook 3,200 feet above the valley floor—along what one early guidebook reassuringly described as being "a wide, safe, easy graded, and remarkably picturesque trail." A second view of the same group is reproduced overleaf; a third painting (not shown) portrays the tired riders, nearly back in the valley, pausing for a refreshing drink at a spring.

PRIVATE COLLECTION



Yosemite Valley from Glacier Point
by William Hahn, 1874

In one of Hahn's most popular paintings of nineteenth-century California life, tourists contemplate a sweeping panorama of the Yosemite Valley and surrounding peaks. James M. Hutchings marveled that in the clear air the peaks appeared "so boldly near that one feels he could hold converse with any adventurous climber that might be seen upon either of their crests. . . . Once looked upon, the memory of [Yosemite's] sublime impressions will remain an exalted mystery forever."

One visitor to Glacier Point warned that "it is something to stop the beatings of a chamois' heart to lean over the iron railing, set between two verge-topling bowlders [sic] on the peak's brink, and glance down

COLLECTION OF THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO / LOS ANGELES

into the bottomless, awful gulf below. It causes spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine.'' Other tourists, less timid and more irreverent, "experimented as to the time taken by different objects in reaching the bottom of the cliff. An ordinary stone tossed over remained in sight an incredibly long time, but finally vanished somewhere about the middle distance . . . even an empty box, watched by fieldglass, could not be traced to its concussion with the valley floor.''

Yosemite, South Dome
by Thomas Moran, 1873

Best remembered for his monumental canvases of the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, and the Rocky Mountains, Thomas Moran also painted in the Yosemite Valley. This pencil and watercolor sketch presents his impression of Half Dome (also known to early Yosemite visitors as South Dome), a monolith described by John Muir as "the loftiest, most sublime and the most beautiful of all the rocks that guard this glorious valley."

Father of the Forest, a watercolor of a giant fallen *Sequoia* tree in the Calaveras Grove. In the watercolor painting, human figures, tiny by contrast with the great tree, climb ladders placed against its massive trunk.

In the 1870s some of the most charming Yosemite landscapes were painted by Gilbert Davis Munger, a native of Connecticut, who had abandoned an engraving career in Washington, D.C. to study painting in London and in Barbizon, France. Although exposed to the Barbizon school, Munger continued to paint representationally, though there is an individuality in each of his known Yosemite views. Internationally-known when he reached San Francisco, Munger was accepted by the first-string resident painters. However, he did not linger in California more than a few years, dying in Washington, D.C. in 1903 after a lengthy residency in Paris.

Thomas Moran, born in England in 1837, migrated with his family of notable artists to the United States in 1884 and lived to become one of the great figures of American landscape painting. He also did more than any other artist to bring about the preservation of certain wilderness areas, such as Yellowstone, as national parks.

Moran studied painting with his brother Edward Moran; he was also influenced in Philadelphia by the marine painter James Hamilton to admire the light- and color-filled works of the English painter Joseph Turner, who anticipated the impressionists. Moran traveled twice to England to study the works of Turner, Claude Lorrain, and other masters.

In America, Moran painted great theatrical landscapes infused with his own emotional reaction to the scene: "I place no value upon literal transcriptions from Nature," he wrote. "All my tendencies are toward idealization. . . . while I desired to tell truly of Nature, I did not wish to realize the same literally but . . . to convey its true impression." In 1872, commissioned to submit landscapes for reproduction in the landmark book of California illustration, *Picturesque California,* which John Muir was editing, Moran and his wife, the artist Mary Nimmo Moran, sketched in Yosemite. What today may be Moran's best-known etching, *The Half Dome—View from Moran Point,* became the frontispiece for *Picturesque California.*

Moran and his wife were in Yosemite again in 1874 and, after his wife's death in 1899, Moran continued to tour the West on sketching expeditions. In the summer of 1894, he rode horseback through Yosemite Valley; later, his sketches of landscape highlights taken on that tour were developed into several paintings.

IN THE STRUGGLE to preserve Yosemite in its natural state, some of the leading artists invoked the powers of the pen as well as the paintbrush. Charles Dormon Robinson, a native of Maine, was a professional painter who had taken instruction and advice from such well-known artists as Albert Bierstadt and James Hamilton. In 1880, Robinson, a specialist in San Francisco Bay Area marine painting, made his first trip to the Yosemite. Overwhelmed by what he saw, Robinson established a summer residence in Yosemite Valley, where for many years he painted landscapes and ran a close second to Thomas Hill for the coveted title, "the Artist of Yosemite." Many foreign sightseers purchased Robinson's Yosemite paintings. One enthusiastic Englishman gave a Robinson canvas to Queen Victoria; it was displayed in Buckingham Palace. In 1900, Robinson took a gigantic panoramic oil painting of Yosemite Valley to the Paris Exposition. Painted with the assistance of other artists, the work weighed fifty tons, measured fifty feet high, and was nearly four hundred feet in circumference. Because of its enormous size it could not be displayed. Eventually, Robinson cut up the canvas and sold sectional views to earn money for his passage home.

Robinson's writings on the preservation of the California landscape were published in the *Overland Monthly* and other periodicals. In 1893 he wrote in regard to Yosemite: "Let us hope that still another century may pass over, and yet this forest, undisturbed and unmolested by these bands of human locusts, whose energies are bent upon destroying . . . may give theme for as many praise-offerings as the best of our times have offered." Robinson's hope was reaffirmed when an enlarged Yosemite became a national park in 1906.

From the June day in 1855 when artist Thomas Ayres first sketched Yosemite from Inspiration Point, artists have been moved to paint its wonders. In 1926, Gottardo Piazzoni, a landscape painter, wrote in praise of these early Yosemite artists: "They came, these first young men guided by the spirit of youth and romance to a virgin land. They in their way, touched and painted what we believe to be the essence of the California landscape in the spirit of their times. For this they came fully equipped. They knew their craft." **AW**

Marjorie Dakin Arkelian *is an art historian with the Oakland Museum who has organized exhibitions and written extensively on artists in California and the West. She is the author of* William Hahn: Genre Painter, 1829–1887 *(1976);* The Kahn Collection of Nineteenth-Century Paintings by Artists in California *(1975); and* Tropical Scenes by the 19th Century Painters of California *(1971), all published by the Oakland Museum.*

COURTESY OF THE COOPER HEWITT MUSEUM, THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION'S NATIONAL MUSEUM OF DESIGN

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

In what may be a landmark decision, the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Outdoor Recreation has **refused to fund construction of a golf course** that would have cut across more than one hundred acres of historic **Pawnee Bill State Park,** ninety-one miles **northeast of Oklahoma City.** The National Register site was once the ranch of the celebrated showman Pawnee Bill (Gordon W. Lillie), who held rodeos and Wild West shows there. Today, as in Pawnee Bill's time, buffalo and long-horn cattle graze across the park's 278 prairielike acres, many of which would have been altered or destroyed by the proposed golf course.

"Southwest Indian Arts: A Study of Styles," an exhibit illustrating the many styles and techniques used by Southwestern tribes in basketry, ceramics, and textiles, will continue through September 10 at the **Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center.**

Stagecoach stops with such evocative names as Scooptown, Bear Butte, and Whistle Stop are being marked by the **Butte County Historical Society** of **Vale, South Dakota,** as it commemorates the 1876 stage line between Bismarck, North Dakota, and Deadwood, South Dakota.

Acquiring a **hogan** (Navajo adobe and log house) is not as easy as it might seem. Last October the **Heard Museum of Anthropology and Primitive Art in Phoenix, Arizona,** undertook the acquisition of an eight-sided hogan once occupied by a family of five. When the family moved out in favor of an Anglo-style house, the museum jumped at the rare chance to procure a hogan that had been built and lived in by Navajos yet was free from any taboos against visiting or entering. (Traditionally, when there is a death in a hogan, it is sealed and never again entered.) Museum staff members traveled to a distant Navajo reservation, carefully disassembled the clay and timber structure, transported the pieces back to the museum, and there painstakingly reassembled them according to photographs and diagrams. The hogan is now on public display on the museum grounds.

"Indian Paintings of the Plains" from the collection of Miss Nettie Wheeler of Muskogee, Oklahoma, will be a featured display at the **Newark Museum** in **New Jersey** through September 4.

COURTESY OF RELL G. FRANCIS

A UTAH BARBER POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPHER G.E. ANDERSON. SEE "PHOTOGRAPHING THE FRONTIER" BELOW

An outstanding exhibit on the early West, **"Photographing the Frontier,"** which documents pioneer life from after the Civil War to the early 1900s, is being circulated throughout the western states by the **Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service.** Between the months of July and November the exhibit will visit the following western locations: the Pitkin County Library, Aspen, Colorado, July 22 to August 20; Broadway Square, Tyler, Texas, September 9 to October 8; University of Texas of Permian Basin, Odessa, October 28 to November 26; and the Museum of Art at the University of Oregon, Eugene, from November 1, 1978 to November 1, 1979.

The **Waioli Mission House Museum** at **Hanalei, Kauai,** one of Hawaii's oldest small museums, has just reopened after renovation. The 1834 mission house, along with the adjoining Waioli mission church, preserve the history of missionaries in Hawaii.

The National Historical Publications and Record Commission is offering students in American history and archives administration the chance to earn academic credit as volunteer interns. **Work experience programs** in archival terminology and procedures or in documentary research are available for the fall, spring, or summer semester. For further information write Dr. Nancy Salhi, NHPRC, National Archives, Washington, D.C. 20408.

Noted railway authority Frank M. Ellington will donate his large collection of **drawings and photographs of Santa Fe Railroad motive power and rolling stock** to the **Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka,** where much of the Santa Fe's history had its roots. Eventually some two-hundred fifty drawings and one thousand photographs will be available for research.

"California Indians in Paint and Brush" will be the opening summer exhibit at the **Haffenreffer Museum of Anthropology in Bristol, Rhode Island.**

Workers excavating a new high-rise building in **San Francisco's financial district** have uncovered a surprising find—**the remains of a celebrated Gold-Rush era ship,** the *Niantic*. Buried for more than 125 years, much of the *Niantic*'s copper plating and ribbed hull were still intact, though most of the vessel had been destroyed by fire in 1851.

Why would a sailing ship be found buried a half mile from the waterfront? "During the first few years of the Gold Rush there were few buildings but many ships," San Francisco Maritime Museum curator Harlan Soeten explains, "so a lot of them were used as stores, boarding houses, restaurants. They were left in the bay, and the land was filled around them." During the 1850s, when most of the financial district was filled, scores of ships, including the charred remains of the *Niantic*, were buried beneath the growing city.

Although Soeten was unable to raise the $600,000 necessary to excavate the vessel intact, an eight-foot cross section of the hull was saved, as were large pieces of the oak framing, ribs, and keel. Soeten predicts that the remains eventually will be displayed at the Maritime Museum.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

SAN FRANCISCO'S NIANTIC HOTEL, CIRCA 1850; SEE NOTE ABOVE

The de Young Museum in San Francisco will display **"A Century of Brides and Victorian Accessories"** from July through September. Highlighting the show are more than fifteen bridal gowns dating from 1830 to 1930, with photographs and biographical material about the brides who wore them.

COURTESY OF PHILADELPHIA EVENING AND SUNDAY BULLETIN

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S "THE COWBOY"; SEE NOTE BELOW

Philadelphia's monumental Frederic Remington equestrian sculpture, "The Cowboy," which presently receives little attention because of its inaccessible site overlooking a busy roadway, may soon be relocated. According to City Representative Joseph La Sala, the city is exploring the possibility of moving the life-size statue, which is valued at five million dollars, to "a place worthy of the quality of the work." While it is currently impossible to see the sculpture well because of the heavy traffic, La Sala feels a more convenient location could make it as popular as the Liberty Bell.

However, in 1976, when the city attempted to move "The Cowboy," critics stopped the action by arguing that its present rocky niche had been personally chosen by the artist in 1908.

A group of **Japanese-Americans** are working to preserve an adobe elementary school they built during World War II at an internment camp near **Poston, Arizona,** on the California border. Dedicated to preserving a testimonial to their imprisonment, the group has already renovated an auditorium at the Poston camp.

The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts will feature the noted traveling exhibit **"Bou'-Jou Neejee: Profiles of Canadian Indian Art"** from July 1 through August 30. The collection, assembled by the National Museum of Man, Ottawa, includes some two hundred Indian artifacts, many of them exceedingly rare.

Dressed in traditional caulk boots, jeans, plaid wool shirts, and red hats, modern-day lumberjacks relive the legend of Paul Bunyan every Fourth of July at **Albany, Oregon.** The annual **World Championship Timber Carnival,** a unique event devoted to rough-and-tumble competition among the world's finest loggers, revives such traditional skills as log rolling, tree climbing, axe throwing, and jousting on floating logs.

"A Case for Understanding: Basketry of the Arizona Indians" is the first in a series of **portable "suitcase"** exhibits developed at the **Heard Museum, Phoenix,** to provide students and teachers throughout Arizona with "hands on" experience with museum materials and artifacts. Included in the "suitcase" are slides and a film on basketmaking, maps, a teacher's manual and several books on basketry, a Pima basketmaker's tool kit, as well as thirteen actual baskets. Schools will be able to borrow the kit for a period of one month.

Each May a **Jumping Frog Contest** is held at **Angels Camp, Calaveras County, California,** in memory of Mark Twain's famous story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Twain, who inhabited the tiny gold-rush camp while hiding from San Francisco police angered at his outspoken expose of corruption within the department, heard the story

from bartender Ben Coon of the Angels Hotel in January 1865.

Though this year's winning frog, Last Chance, fell fourteen inches short of the world record, its owner, Bruce Hamilton of Los Altos, California, received $300 in prize money. In the spirit of the contest, Hamilton reports that he plans to spend half the money on "wine, women, and song" and then "fritter away" the rest.

A curious relic from the Mexican-American War, **the artificial leg of Alamo victor Antonio López de Santa Anna,** will go on public display in **Springfield, Illinois,** this summer in the rotunda of the state capitol. Santa Anna lost the wooden limb in 1847 when he was surprised by an attacking American division. Forced to flee, the general left behind his half-eaten lunch, some $11,000 in gold coins, 3,000 prisoners, and his artificial leg. After the war, Illinois soldiers triumphantly returned home with leg in hand, and eventually donated the prize to the state museum, which later transferred it to the adjutant general, the keeper of military relics. In 1942 the limb again drew attention when the state legislature voted to return it to Mexico as a gesture of friendship, a resolution that was never carried out.

Native American gatherings of many kinds will occur this summer. One of the most well-known is the **Flagstaff, Arizona All-Indian Pow Wow,** July 1–4. Activities will include a parade, rodeo, ceremonial dances, and arts and crafts displays. **The Gallup Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial,** first held in 1922, is another large event with four days of activities at **Red Rock State Park** near Gallup.

The thirty-second **annual meeting** of the **Forest History Society** will be held October 23–24 in **Saint Louis** in conjunction with a joint meeting of the Society of American Foresters and the Canadian Institute of Forestry. For more information contact Harold K. Steen, Acting Executive Director, Forest History Society, Box 1581, Santa Cruz, California 95061.

The **Fort Carson Colorado Museum of the Army in the West** has expanded its scope to include the exploration and settlement of the Rocky Mountain region from 1776 to 1900. The museum will have new exhibits on the early Spanish influence in the West, American exploration, as well as actual models of the most important frontier forts.

The **San Jose (California) Historical Museum,** located in the reconstructed 1860 Pacific Hotel, will exhibit **"Nineteenth Century San Jose Portraits"** from April 13 through October 8. The paintings, selected from the museum's collection, include works by Alice B. Chittenden, Jules Travernier, and A. D. M. Cooper. AW

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By Eric N. Moody **A Bristlecone paperback** **284 pages; $5.25**

"Senator" Thomas Fitch is best remembered as "the most corrupt man that ever followed politics on the Coast." As the premier carpetbagger of them all, the scalawag ranged from New York to Hawaii.

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This is a delightful and witty book of reminiscences about the outlandish happenings which characterized frontier justice. Beautifully written; easy reading.

University of Nevada Press · Reno, NV 89557

Women in the West

REVIEWED BY JUDITH AUSTIN

The Golden Free Land: The Reminiscences and Letters of Women on an American Frontier by Crystal Sasse Ragsdale *(Landmark Press, Austin, 1976; 213 pp., biblio., notes, $10.50).*

I Am the Fire of Time: The Voices of Native American Women edited by Jane B. Katz *(E. P. Dutton, New York, 1977; 220 pp., illus., $6.95 paper).*

Let Them Speak for Themselves: Women in the American West 1849–1900, edited by Christiane Fischer *(Shoe String Press, Hamden, Conn., 1977; 346 pp., biblio., appen., $15.00).*

Martha and the Doctor: A Frontier Family in Central Nevada by Marvin Lewis, edited by B. Betty Lewis *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1977; 259 pp., notes, $5.00 paper).*

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that women's history has until recently been badly neglected in the study of the West as in other fields of history. It is also generally agreed that one reason for this neglect is a lack of readily available documentation. The books under review illustrate the problem; unfortunately, they do little to suggest solutions.

Two—*The Golden Free Land* and *I Am the Fire of Time*—are ethnic as well as women's materials. Ragsdale has gathered ten reminiscences and sets of letters by women who emigrated from Germany to Texas between 1830 and 1850. Some came as adults, some as children; all wrote in German, and their accounts have been translated by descendants and editors. They are amplified by numerous footnotes and a lengthy unannotated bibliography. The various reminiscences demonstrate the enormous economic and cultural gap between two segments of German (and Texas–German) society; however, the reader would benefit from an introductory essay containing much more information on the emigrants' political and the social milieus in both Germany and America. Allowing for problems of memory and translation, we still learn much about these women's lives, but we learn it generally in isolation.

QUHATIKA GIRL BY EDWARD S. CURTIS, 1907, FROM "I AM THE FIRE OF TIME: THE VOICES OF NATIVE AMERICAN WOMEN"

Katz's compilation provides even less context. It is an anthology of writings and spoken words recorded by whites, divided between those of Indian women whose lives were essentially tribal and those of contemporary Indian women deeply aware of the effect the white world has had upon them. The material is mostly fragmentary and arranged in no particular order. While it is often interesting and often moving, it might have been more so if Katz had provided more information on the tribal life to which the early material in particular refers.

The most successful of the volumes is Christiane Fischer's *Let Them Speak for Themselves.* All but one of the twenty-five excerpts have been published at one time or another, but few are likely to be readily available. Fischer has divided her material into seven sections reflecting different kinds of communities and experiences in the West. In the notes that precede and follow each selection she discusses the lives of the women involved and also attempts some analysis of their time and outlook—not always successfully. Nonetheless the analysis is of particular interest because Fischer is not an American scholar: she teaches American studies at the University of Nancy, France. While her selections are fragments too, they have been chosen to give details of particular kinds of experience.

Martha and the Doctor is an example of how documentary material can be used—and of some pitfalls of using it. James Gally was a dentist who gave up his profession to seek his fortune in other ways. He brought his wife, Martha, and their children to Nevada in 1864. Lewis's book is based on their letters, her diary, and his newspaper sketches. It promises, regrettably, much more than it delivers: fragments of information and fragments of diary and correspondence do not add up to a smooth narrative of their life in the mining towns of central Nevada. The author (or authors: Marvin Lewis died before the book was completed and his sister finished the project) has a tendency to large generalities and seems to read a great deal into diary entries and letters—especially the emotions of the writers. Unidentified characters appear and disappear, leaving one with the sense that something has been missed somewhere. A simple map of Nevada with camps located on it would have helped in understanding the family's wanderings. The Gallys—whose experience was painfully typical but better recorded than most—deserve to have their story better told.

Nonetheless the Lewises have the right idea. Both halves of the story need to be told, and they need to be told together. The role of women in the history of the West is a *part* of that history, and better understood in broader context. At the same time, that context must be illuminated by including (as far as available material will allow) the actions and reactions of women. But editors and authors must do more than set undigested fragments before us or wrap them only in the most general framework. AW

Judith Austin *is historian and archivist with the Idaho State Historical Society and editor of the quarterly journal* Idaho Yesterdays.

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

The Trader on the American Frontier: Myth's Victim by Howard R. Lamar *(Texas A&M University, College Station, 1977; 53 pp., illus., notes, $5.00).*

This essay attacks mythical characterizations of the trader on the American frontier. Although the white trader is commonly rendered as a romantic wilderness hero, degenerate white savage, or corrupter of the noble red man, historian Howard Lamar finds fault with these depictions. Lamar shows that early trade was, on the contrary, one of the first and most successful ways red men and white communicated.

American Forts: Architectural Form and Function by Willard B. Robinson *(published for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, by the University of Illinois, Urbana, 1977; 229 pp., illus., maps, glossary, appen., notes, biblio., index, $15.00).*

Robinson's copiously illustrated history of American defense architecture includes more than one hundred original drawings. Technically oriented and thorough, the volume is, as its jacket states, "the first known architectural history of fortifications in the New World."

Kansas Album *(Kansas Banker's Association, distributed by Addison House, Danbury, New Hampshire, 1977; 132 pp., illus., intro., $18.00).*

Nine photographers contributed to this collection of realistic, black-and-white pictures portraying Kansas in the Bicentennial year. Portraits by Terry Evans and Mark Goodman reveal the spirit of the people of mid-America; Lawrence McFarland's landscapes depict the vast natural beauty of the state.

Globe, Arizona by Clara T. Woody and Milton L. Schwartz with an introduction by C. L. Sonnichsen *(Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, 1977; 262 pp., illus., notes, index, $15.00).*

Globe is a small Arizona mining and ranching town with a background of unusual frontier history. Milton Schwartz draws from Clara Woody's in-depth research to chronicle fascinating episodes in the town's history, including a bloody feud between two ranching families and the once-sensational saga of outlaw Pearl Hart.

"FENCE WEIR WITH TRIPODS": A DRAWING FROM "INDIAN FISHING"

Indian Fishing: Early Methods on the Northwest Coast by Hilary Stewart *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1977; 181 pp., illus., biblio., index, $17.95).*

A typically beautiful product of the University of Washington Press, this book documents the tools, traps, techniques, and cooking methods of Northwest Indian fishermen. Hilary Stewart's informative text and over four hundred fifty clearly rendered drawings reveal a way of life that modern technology and commercial enterprise threaten to erase. Sketches and photographs of Indian art centering on the life-giving skill of fishing are included in this fine volume.

Desperado by Grace Lichtenstein *(Dial Press, New York, 1977; 213 pp., $8.95).*

As the first female regional bureau chief for the *New York Times*, the Brooklyn-born author explores the Rocky Mountain West from her personal, often provincial perspective. In an irreverent, journalistic style, Lichtenstein shares her experiences in the West, but her viewpoint is disappointingly superficial.

In Search of Butch Cassidy by Larry Pointer *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 294 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $9.95).*

This study refutes the popular legend of Butch Cassidy, asserting that the famous outlaw did not die in a 1908 shootout in Bolivia but instead returned to live out a quiet life in Spokane, Washington, where he died peacefully in 1937. Larry Pointer bases his argument heavily on an allegedly biographical sketch entitled "The Bandit Invincible," whose author, one William T. Phillips, is supposedly the notorious Butch Cassidy. Historical documents, antique newspaper accounts, and interviews with numerous old-timers provide background for Pointer's well-researched, fascinating hypothesis.

California II by David Muench and Don Pike *(Charles H. Belding, Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company, Portland, 1977; 191 pp., illus., $27.50).*

This is a collection of the kind of rich, razor-sharp color images that have become the trademark of noted nature photographer David Muench. His tribute to the natural beauty of the Golden State is balanced by Don Pike's insightful text, which laments the decline of San Francisco and the smoggy congestion of Orange County. Pike's descriptive language captures well California's dramatic scenery and varied lifestyles. The book's large format and handsome printing do justice to over one hundred ninety crisp, colorful Muench images.

Nevada: A History by Robert Laxalt *(W. W. Norton, New York and American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, 1977; 146 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $8.95).*

Wyoming: A History by T. A. Larson *(Norton and AASLH, 1977; 198 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $8.95).*

Utah: A History by Charles S. Peterson *(Norton and AASLH, 1977; 213 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $8.95).*

These three volumes are part of the States and the Nation series made possible through a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. This ambitious project has attracted many of the best historical writers in the country, and Laxalt, Peterson, and Larson are representative of these high standards. Each author takes a comprehensive yet fresh look at his native state, both yesterday and today. A black-and-white photographic essay complements each text.

The Sacramento–San Joaquin Delta and the Evolution and Implementation of Water Policy: An Historical Perspective by W. Turrentine Jackson and Alan M. Paterson *(California Water Resources Center, Davis, 1977; 192 pp., illus., maps, notes, $5.00, paper).*

This report, commissioned by the California Water Resources Center, investigates the history behind and policy issues surrounding Sacramento–San Joaquin water management. More broadly, authors Jackson and Paterson detail, with scholarly precision, the events affecting the evolution of water policy in California. AW

The Yellowstone Story by Aubrey L. Haines *(Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1977; 406 pp., 561 pp., 2 vols., intro., illus., maps, charts, appen., notes, index, $10/vol. hardbound, $3.95/vol. softbound).*

REVIEWED BY DAVID A. CLARY

THIS TWO-VOLUME SET will tell you everything you ever wanted to know about the history of Yellowstone National Park. In fact, it may say more than most people really would like to know. From its prehistoric Indian occupation through the fur-trade days, the exploration and establishment of the park, its pre- and postautomobile use as a resort and "pleasuring ground," to the Mission 66 and 1972 Yellowstone Centennial development programs of the National Park Service, Haines relates in exhausting detail virtually every recorded event that ever in any way related to our first national park.

Although this massive work will be a most useful reference, it is presented in a lively narrative that should interest all. It is more attractive, and covers more ground, than Haines's previous *Yellowstone National Park: Its Exploration and Establishment* (U.S. Government Printing Office, 1974), which is its documentary companion.

Haines and his publisher can be faulted on a few points, although they are not really crucial ones. Haines continues at great length to search for those who deserve credit (he says Pig Iron Kelley, the railroads, and Ferdinand V. Hayden) and those who do not (N. P. Langford and Cornelius Hedges, the heroes of the Park Service's "campfire" legend since 1922) for creating the park; this despite the fact that the 1872 act was essentially negative, withdrawing land from entry rather than establishing much of anything. Actually, no one felt any need to claim credit until H. M. Chittenden's 1895 history of the park said Yellowstone was something worth taking credit for. Another fault is that the publisher never tells the reader that the manuscript of this book was completed before 1972, has not been updated, and thus does not cite more recent histories of the area.

With valuable appendices, and despite its generally uncritical treatment of the park's managers over the years, this book is a signal, even essential, work of conservation history. AW

David A. Clary *is the chief historian of the U.S. Forest Service.*

Hour of Trial: The Conservation Conflict in Colorado and the West, 1891–1907 by G. Michael McCarthy *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 343 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY HAROLD K. STEEN

WE CAN LEARN from history. Professor McCarthy asserts that this is so and has constructed his *Hour of Trial* about Colorado's turn-of-the-century conservation conflict as a working model. His final chapter skips six decades to compare the demands that today's resource shortages make on Colorado's energy reserves with earlier disputes over its forest, forage, and water reserves.

McCarthy uses a Colorado vantage point to view the very crucial years of conservation history between the 1891 General Revision Act and the 1907 Public Lands Convention in Denver. Influential resource industries and effective representation in Congress made Colorado a force for the conservation movement to reckon with, especially on matters of concern to stockmen. Many western states protested eastern "interference" with their economic development, and Colorado was no exception. Strident reaction to withdrawals of federal forest reserves was as predictable as was opposition to the levying of grazing fees against those who ran stock on public ranges.

In an arresting chapter entitled "Encroachment on the Garden," McCarthy shows the step-by-step impact that creation of forest reserves had locally. Internal friction became intense as the pro and con forces formed ranks, with the Colorado State Forestry Association as the leading advocate. In a scaled-down version of the federal-state conflict, stockmen whose universe was limited to a locality protested that the statewide Forestry Association campaign jeopardized their well-being. They believed that they had made the wilderness safe for the second wave of settlers, and to lose their livelihood was unfair. This apparent injustice was an important element of anti-conservation sentiment.

A readable text and liberal use of illustrations offset overstatements and research too narrowly focused. Hopefully, this much-needed study of conservation history at the state level will be joined by others. AW

Harold K. Steen *is associate director of the Forest History Society and the author of* The U.S. Forest Service: A History.

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Prehistory of the Far West: Homes of Vanished Peoples by L. S. Cressman *(University of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1977; 248 pp., intro., illus., maps, charts, biblio., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT H. LISTER

TO WRITE meaningful prehistory, it seems to me, the scholar must establish empathy with the people who left the artifacts that we archaeologists discover and describe. Artifacts are the means for the understanding, however partial, of the achievements, the experiences, the fears, the apprehensions, and the extraordinary courage of men and women." Thus writes Luther Cressman in the preface to his comprehensive synthesis of the prehistory of far-western North America, and his book reflects his understanding and respect for his subjects.

Cressman, who has been active in archaeological field research for forty years, founded the Department of Anthropology at the University of Oregon as well as its natural history museum.

He begins his account with a description of the diverse terrain stretching from the Rocky Mountain Continental Divide to the Pacific Coast and from southern British Columbia to the Mexican border.

He then traces man's presence in the region from the earliest arrivals from Asia, perhaps prior to 35,000 years ago, through many thousands of years of cultural adaptation as hunters, fishers, fowlers, and gatherers in diverse environmental zones rich in game and other food resources. There is a discussion of the ordering of these events by the usual archaeological techniques and through the correlation of human activities with the geologic frame of reference in which they occurred. Previous studies to determine the physical characteristics of prehistoric peoples and their linguistic affiliations are reviewed and evaluated.

A major section devoted to the development and present status of archaeological research in the Far West emphasizes regional specializations and cultural dynamics. In it artifacts are described in detail and local cultural sequences are presented. How these ecological adaptations may have been reflected in social organization are postulated. Cressman's book is a balanced mix of scientific evidence and humanistic insights. It is "meaningful prehistory." AW

Robert H. Lister, *an anthropologist, is chief of the National Park Service's Southwest Cultural Resources Center.*

Good Life in Hard Times: San Francisco's '20s and '30s by Jerry Flamm *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1977; 173 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $6.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY ROGER R. OLMSTED

JERRY FLAMM'S *Good Life in Hard Times* is a reminiscence of San Francisco in the 1920s and 1930s that tells us as much about Flamm as it does about the city. Flamm describes life in San Francisco with a relish for precisely those things that would command the enthusiasm of the son of an Irish cop turned loose as a reporter at a time when the public would spend its nickel for the titillating headline that came out first. This was the era when a berserk elephant's execution at Fleishacker Zoo was scheduled to give the *Examiner* the jump at the headline; but it was also a time when a competing reporter could request an injunction to postpone the execution so the story could appear first in the rival *Call*. Never mind the judge who responded, "Don't ask me to do it, I have to go up for re-election . . . and I can't risk antagonizing the *Examiner*."

This was also the era of Manion's Chinatown Squad, a "rough but effective" bunch of Irish boys who recalled, "We didn't need a warrant or anything. We just broke into the joint and . . . if we found anything, we'd book them . . . and name the federal agents as arresting officers."

Flamm's chapters on such topics as the Chinatown Squad, the Fillmore in the 1920s, and the Sutro Baths, the Crystal Palace Salt Baths, and the Lurline Baths are replete with anecdotes and curious details. Unfortunately, however, the Chronicle Publishing Company has managed to make the photographs murky, and neglected to give Flamm a copy editor who could keep the author's tenses together and get rid of his painful stylistic tendency to round off a paragraph with a cliché that both sums it all up and flattens it out. But like any good reporter, Flamm knew a lot of people, and he has collected a grab bag of their recollections to rummage through. Not all the historical details are accurate, but the stories are fun to read, and Flamm's personal attitudes aptly characterize the era. Whatever the limitations of personal reminiscences as history, we are usually lucky to have them, and Flamm has made a pleasing contribution to the genre. AW

Roger R. Olmsted *coauthored the recent history of San Francisco,* Mirror of the Dream.

Contact & Conflict: Indian-European Relations in British Columbia, 1774–1890 by Robin Fisher *(University of British Columbia, Vancouver, 1977; 268 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $18.00).*

REVIEWED BY R. H. ROY

ONE OF THE PURPOSES [in writing this book]," the author notes in his preface, "is to establish the role of the Indians in the history of British Columbia."

Contact and Conflict is a history of the contact of two cultures, of Indian-European relations from the opening of the West Coast maritime fur trade to the era when the trans-Canada railroad connected eastern and western Canada.

There have been many books written about British Columbia, but almost all of them have been from the point of view of the European observer. This volume attempts to redress the balance and, to this reviewer's mind, it is without doubt one of the best accounts that has been written. It is a book which will be in demand by every student of British Columbia history and certainly should be on the bookshelf of those doing anthropological studies in the area.

The first two chapters comprise one of the best parts of Professor Fisher's book. Here he compares the maritime fur trade with the land-based fur trade, showing how the West Coast Indians established a middleman status between the European fur traders and the Indians in the interior. This was a time when the fur trade had little effect on the Indians' culture, a time when the Indians could take what they wanted from the Europeans but retain their old way of life. It was not until the Gold Rush of 1858 and the beginning of settlement that the Indians were brought into conflict with the European laws and customs which were soon to overwhelm their traditional way of life.

If there is a "hero" in this book aside from the Indian himself, it is Governor James Douglas, whose long experience in the Hudson's Bay Company enabled him, as a civilian governor, to protect the Indian tribes from the encroachments of the white settlers. Those who succeeded Douglas, however, set out to "westernize" the Indians.

Professor Fisher has presented a well-written and well-researched account and has made a valuable contribution to the history of this province. AW

R. H. Roy, *professor of military and strategic studies at the University of Victoria, has published frequently on the Canadian West.*

Eskimo Art: Tradition and Innovation in North Alaska by Dorothy Jean Ray *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1977; 320 pp., illus., maps, biblio., glossary, index, $29.95).*

Survival: Life and Art of the Alaskan Eskimo by Barbara Lipton *(Morgan & Morgan, Dobbs Ferry, New York; The Newark Museum, Newark; and The American Federation of Arts, New York, 1977; 96 pp., intro., illus., maps, charts, biblio., $7.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY CHARLEEN RUBIN

NOTED ANTHROPOLOGIST and art critic Frederic H. Douglas has said, "Understanding of a culture can never be complete unless some insight into the human heart is gained, and what this heart has made to satisfy its urge to create . . . may often give a better key to the riddle than anything else."

In these abundantly illustrated volumes, authors Ray and Lipton both express a similar theme in discussing the transition of the Alaskan Eskimo during the past two hundred years and with individual sensitivity reflect their concern for the Eskimo in preserving his culture.

Ray definitively traces the Alaskan Eskimo's prolific history of artistic creativity in broad scope, starting with traditional art based on religion and ceremony. This discussion of masks, charms, chains, and mythological creatures created from carved ivory, wood, and bone is followed by an analysis of secular art devised for use in the Eskimo's everyday life. Descriptions include net floats, needlecases, and parkas created from skin, cloth, and fur. Ray next covers market art—the present-day phase—which includes the designing of jewelry, cribbage boards, and etchings. Market art developed as a result of changing cultural patterns brought on by contact with European and American explorers, gold-rush miners, and the inevitable tourist.

Lipton's *Survival,* published in conjunction with the Newark Museum's exhibition, presents the Alaskan Eskimo in the context of crisis caused by social and technological change. Survival for the Alaskan Eskimo of today has its roots in a brutally harsh environment. Though traditional patterns cannot solve present-day problems, the Eskimo culture will survive as long as transition continues with innovation and experimentation. AW

Charleen Rubin *is a California-based artist who often lectures on Eskimo art.*

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Thoreau and the American Indians by Robert F. Sayre *(Princeton University, Princeton, 1977; 258 pp., appen., notes, index, $14.50).*

REVIEWED BY CARL EDWIN MAVES

HENRY DAVID THOREAU'S BOOK about the Indians is one of the great unwritten works in our literature. Before his death in 1862 at the age of forty-five, the author of *Walden* had compiled three thousand manuscript pages of notes on the subject, but this quarry from which a masterpiece might have emerged is destined to remain a mere heap of building blocks forever.

Robert F. Sayre makes some attempts to reconstruct the edifice that never was. But he is mainly concerned with what Thoreau's views on the first Americans actually were and how they changed.

For starters, Sayre points out that the great man in his youth was as much a victim as lesser men of that guilt-ridden yet arrogant nineteenth-century racial theory called "savagism," according to which the Indian was both inherently noble and hopelessly backward, doomed to extinction by white superiority and his own inability to adjust.

But the "famous retreat (or advance) to Walden Pond in the spring of 1845" brought new insight, Sayre writes. For two years, Thoreau lived so close to nature that he began to feel himself a part of it and began also to realize that such a feeling was the essence of what the American Indian way of life had to teach him. As Sayre succinctly and wittily puts it, he was "a white Indian who saw red in the woods."

Sayre's most striking conclusion, however, is that the brightest, clearest red of all was glimpsed not in the woods around Walden but in Maine.

From 1846 to 1857, Thoreau made three two-week forays into the wilderness there, and his guides on those excursions were the only Indians he ever knew as idiosyncratic individuals rather than ideal types. They possessed, he wrote to a friend after the last and most successful trek, "so much intelligence which the white man does not, that it increases my own capacity, as well as faith, to observe it."

And so, farewell to savagism. In default of Thoreau's Indian book that never was, Sayre's will do very well indeed. AW

Carl Edwin Maves, *the author of* Sensuous Pessimism: Italy in the Work of Henry James, *is a theater and music critic.*

Wallace Stegner by Forrest G. and Margaret G. Robinson *(Twayne Publishers, Boston, 1977; 188 pp., biblio., notes, index, $8.50).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN R. MILTON

WALLACE STEGNER, one of the few contemporary western writers admired equally on both sides of the Mississippi River, has at last become the subject of a Twayne critical biography. Coincident to the name of the publisher is the fact that the authors of this study identify Mark Twain as the "father" of a group of American writers, one of whose literary descendants is Stegner.

What holds these writers together (Eggleston, London, Norris, Garland, Anderson, the early Steinbeck) is their common concern with regions. At a time when regionalism is our only hope for an American literary renaissance, and yet is denigrated by the unbelievers, it is refreshing to find critical biographers who talk about regionalism matter-of-factly, with no apologies.

Stegner's region is a large one, including Iowa, North Dakota, Washington, Saskatchewan, Utah, and California—a considerable portion of the West. Much of his fiction is based upon the personalities and experiences of his own family, and while he has tried to reconcile himself to his parents, he has also been reconciling the West to other regions.

The impact of Stegner's childhood upon his work can be seen in such diverse pieces as "The Blue-Winged Teal," *The Big Rock Candy Mountain,* and *Wolf Willow.* In spite of a literary naturalism identified by the Robinsons, Stegner's approach is always humanistic.

Perhaps Stegner's major concern has been with bringing history and fiction together. One way is to dramatize history; another is to base fiction on solid facts, a "rendering of Western persons, places, and events" that the Robinsons find best exemplified in *Angle of Repose,* which also arrives at the "middle ground" between past and present, pain and enrichment. The historical continuities in human experience are the building blocks, as well as the discoveries, in most of Stegner's work.

Except for some uneasiness in dealing with style, the Robinsons move surefootedly through Stegner's very considerable literary and historical contributions. AW

John R. Milton, *professor of English at the University of South Dakota, has written fiction and nonfiction about the West.*

Sunlight and Storm: The Great American Plains by Alexander B. Adams *(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1977; 479 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $22.50).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD E. OGLESBY

BEGINNING with the first people who gazed upon their vastness, the American Great Plains have been a challenge to all who have confronted them. To settlers the plains represented great expectations tempered by blizzards, grasshoppers, flood, fire and drought, with only an occasional bonanza crop to keep up hope. To passing travelers the plains were dreadful, "a ghastly monotony of earth and sky" according to Rudyard Kipling, though some few noted the sunshine, clear air, good soil, and dreamed that rainfall would follow the plow. To historians, however, the plains have remained an enigma. Only Walter Webb, who is given a bow in the acknowledgments but whose work is not cited in the bibliography, has essayed a general historical interpretation of the region.

In *Sunlight and Storm,* Alexander Adams tries to meet the age-old challenge of comprehending the Great Plains, the area he calls "the birthplace of much of the American spirit." His is a noble effort, but, like most plains enterprises, it is doomed from the start. Adams views the Great Plains as a huge stage across which all manner of people move, mostly just passing through. Happily he allows them to tell their own stories for the most part, imparting a flavor to the chronicle that is worth savoring, but their accounts remain stories without interpretation, without general meaning. The approach is chronological; the chapters short and kaleidoscopic, not to say chaotic.

In an attempt to cover everything, the author has made some interesting choices. Four chapters are devoted to Lewis and Clark and even more to the fur trade, but the reader will look in vain for mention of the Greenbackers or Populists who shook the bastions of American politics in the nineteenth century. In retelling twice-told tales, Adams not only presents nothing new, he fails to give coherence to the old. Before beginning he should have taken the advice of Mary Lease, another Great Plains character missing in the narrative, to "raise less corn and more *Hell*." The Great Plains still await their definitive historian. AW

Richard E. Oglesby *is a professor of history at the University of California at Santa Barbara.*

Spokesman for the Kingdom: Early Mormon Journalism and the Deseret News, 1830–1898 by Monte Burr McLaws *(Brigham Young University, Provo, 1977; 262 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $9.95).*

REVIEWED BY JERRY A. HERNDON

THIS BOOK, volume two of the series Studies in Mormon History, is a generally lucid account of Mormon journalism from the foundation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints until 1898. The history of the earliest journals is briefly and clearly surveyed; McLaws then concentrates on the *Deseret News*. Emphasis is placed on the role of Mormon journalism as defender of the faith, but the function of LDS journalism as intermediary between the church hierarchy and the church membership is also discussed.

There are some shortcomings. Various irritating typographical errors indicate a sometimes inattentive proofreading (e.g., in the text, the *Elders' Journal* is referred to as the *Elder's Journal;* in a note on page 223, polygamy is said to have been "even enjoyed [read "enjoined"] in certain cases by the Mosaic law"; one notices on page 95 that George Q. Cannon started the *Juvenile Instructor* in 1866, while on page 102, the date is 1886; and one is certain that author McLaws did not receive a letter from Joseph Anderson on 18 January 1868 [page 246]).

The discussion of certain controversies or matters of fact is occasionally inadequate, through the failure to give sufficient background information or to provide exact dating. On page 6, for example, one wonders *when* the Prophet penned his advice to William W. Phelps; on page 100, one wonders how long the *Deseret Evening News* shared the platform with a weekly and a semiweekly paper. And one would like more particulars on the "Godbeite" movement. Finally, one wonders at the fact that the bibliography fails to include Edward Tullidge's *The Women of Mormondon,* O. N. Malmquist's history of the *Salt Lake Tribune,* or Gustive Larson's study of the "Americanization" of Utah.

Nevertheless, despite these criticisms, and despite the need to supplement McLaws's book with other pertinent studies, this is a well-researched and fluently written study which should prove a useful aid to the student of Mormon history.

AW

Jerry A. Herndon *directs graduate study in English at Kentucky's Murray State.*

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Blacks in Gold Rush California by Rudolph M. Lapp *(Yale University, New Haven, 1977; 335 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY PETER N. CARROLL

THE FAMILIAR SAGA of the California gold rush usually ignores the participation of nearly one thousand Blacks who sought their fortunes in the golden hills and remained to build a thriving Black community on the West Coast. By the Civil War, California's Black population of five thousand was supporting churches, newspapers, and schools, while working aggressively to overcome the political inequities that afflicted them. Rudolph M. Lapp, history professor at the College of San Mateo, fills in this neglected area in a carefully researched, clearly-written volume.

Beginning with the patterns of Black migration to California, Lapp follows the Black argonauts into the mining camps and the towns that surrounded them. Though many Blacks made lucky strikes in the gold fields, most sought more modest success in urban occupations. Some amassed considerable fortunes in investments in cities like San Francisco.

Southern settlers often brought their slaves to California, but most Blacks were free. This pattern, together with a fear of slave competition, led Californians to adopt a free-state constitution. In an age of widespread racial prejudice, however, free Blacks, Chinese, and Native Americans continued to face legal obstacles to full citizenship.

Lapp's description of the struggle to end political discrimination represents an important contribution to western history. Drawing upon their experiences in the eastern states, Blacks formed statewide organizations which agitated against discriminatory laws that invalidated Black testimony in the courts and upheld a system of segregated schools.

Despite such efforts, white leaders remained unresponsive and spoke about ending further Black immigration to the state. Fearing a white backlash, in 1858 a large proportion of the Black community decided to migrate to British Columbia, where new gold strikes and full citizenship awaited them.

Lapp's pioneering study adds greatly to our knowledge of the gold rush and to our understanding of the antebellum Black community in California. AW

Peter N. Carroll *is coauthor of a new U.S. history,* The Free and the Unfree.

The Gold Hustlers by Lewis Green *(Alaska Northwest, Anchorage, 1977; 355 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $7.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY CLAUS-M. NASKE

THIS BOOK is yet another in a growing list on northern subjects attractively produced by Alaska Northwest Publishing Company.

Author Lewis Green is a consulting geologist and writer who lived for four years in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, as the resident geologist of the Geological Survey of Canada. Green used his time there to do research in the colorful Dawson newspapers. He also utilized materials in the Yukon Archives in Whitehorse, the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa, and at the University of British Columbia.

Green begins by introducing his readers to the great gold discovery on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, which occurred on August 16, 1896. George Carmack, together with Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, two Indians, made the momentous discovery which resulted in a rush to the Klondike by men from many parts of the world hoping to strike it rich. While the rush sets the scene, the bulk of the book is devoted to the battle businessmen waged for control of the placer-mining grounds of the Klondike. This story has two parts: first, were the promoters, who consolidated the extensive blocks of ground necessary for large-scale mining. Afterwards, in 1906, came the engineers, mainly Americans, who attempted to realize the dreams of the promoters.

The author deals exhaustively with two of the most colorful promoters, A. N. C. Treadgold, an Oxford-educated Englishman, and Joseph Whiteside Boyle, a powerful and determined man who parlayed a government concession into a placer empire.

Commercial mining in the Klondike lasted until 1966, when the last dredge shut down. Today, a few miners still dig for gold there, while Dawson has been restored as a historical site.

Green's book is not for the novice. It is a detailed study of the politics, finances, and techniques of placer mining. While his research is good, he has been unable to synthesize and integrate it effectively, and often the book reads like research notes strung together. Nevertheless, it is a valuable source for the specialist. AW

Claus-M. Naske *is an associate professor of history at the University of Alaska.*

A Shepherd Watches, A Shepherd Sings by Louis Irigaray and Theodore Taylor *(Doubleday & Company, New York, 1977; 310 pp., illus., index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD H. LANE

AT LAST, joining Robert Laxalt's classic *Sweet Promised Land* (Harper & Row, 1957), is another fine volume by a Basque describing what it was like to be a sheepherder in America.

Louis Irigaray recounts (with the assistance of writer Theodore Taylor) his early life in California, from the first remembered summer in 1936 when, at age six, he participated in a sheep walk in the Sierra Nevada, to his abrupt, early departure from college to return to his occupation in the San Joaquin Valley.

During this period Irigaray's father ran sheep on leased farm and range land. At first this also included the invalid use of a U.S. Forest Service grazing permit (until alien, nonlandowners were excluded). A major portion of the book is devoted to a description of mountain-herding life during the final season of this tramp operation. However, the reader will likely find the writing style in *A Shepherd Watches, A Shepherd Sings* so engaging for the most part that he will absorb more sheep lore than he would perhaps have thought palatable.

Learning to work with sheep was a series of highly varied, often intense experiences for young Irigaray. Some, such as the initial times he provided birth assistance, were profoundly moving. Others fell under the heading, "I seldom learned anything the easy way." Chief among these were trailer-towing catastrophes that occurred when he violated his father's orders.

Irigaray tells many pithy anecdotes about himself, his family, relatives, employees, and neighbors (though I question the wisdom of apparently identifying most by their real names). Young Irigaray was obviously stubborn and egotistical. Raised in a family where only Basque was spoken, he also felt insecure in school. Mixed with these traits were an interest in nature and a growing love for Basque dancing, music, and verse.

Eventually Irigaray abandoned the sheep to sing professionally. That change is the subject of the projected second volume of his autobiography. I very much hope that it will soon be published. AW

Richard H. Lane, *a free-lance visual anthropologist, is completing a book-length photo essay on Basque sheepherders in the West.*

Kipling

(Continued from page 27)

shrieking on the wheels, the mares clicking among unseen rocks, the dust dense as a fog, and a wall of trees on either side. "How do the heavy four-horse coaches take it, Tom?" I asked, remembering that some twenty-three souls had gone that way half an hour before. "Take it at the run!" said Tom, spitting out the dust. Of course there was a sharp curve, and a bridge at the bottom, but luckily nothing met us, and we came to a wooden shanty called an hotel, in time for a crazy tiffin served by very gorgeous handmaids with very pink cheeks. When health fails in other and more exciting pursuits, a season as "help" in one of the Yellowstone hotels will restore the frailest constitution.

Then by companies after tiffin we walked chattering to the uplands of Hell. They call it the Norris Geyser Basin on Earth. It was as though the tide of desolation had gone out, but would presently return, across innumerable acres of dazzling white geyser formation. There were no terraces here, but all other horrors. Not ten yards from the road a blast of steam shot up roaring every few seconds, a mud volcano spat filth to Heaven, streams of hot water rumbled under foot, plunged through the dead pines in steaming cataracts and died on a waste of white where green-grey, black-yellow, and pink pools roared, shouted, bubbled, or hissed as their wicked fancies prompted. By the look of the eye the place should have been frozen over. By the feel of the feet it was warm. I ventured out among the pools, carefully following tracks, but one unwary foot began to sink, a squirt of water followed, and having no desire to descend quick into Tophet I returned to the shore where the mud and the sulphur and the nameless fat ooze-vegetation of Lethe lay. But the very road rang as though built over a gulf; and besides, how was I to tell when the raving blast of steam would find its vent insufficient and blow the whole affair into Nirvana? There was a potent stench of stale eggs everywhere, and crystals of sulphur crumbled under the foot, and the glare of the sun on the white stuff was blinding.

I [returned] to my buggy and the old lady, who, regarding the horrors of the fire-holes, could only say, "Good Lord!" at thirty-second intervals. Her husband talked about "dreffel waste of steam-power," and we went on in the clear, crisp afternoon, speculating as to the formation of geysers.

"What I say," shrieked the old lady *apropos* of matters theological, "and what I say more, after having seen all that, is that the Lord has ordained a Hell for such as disbelieve his gracious works."

Nota bene.—Tom had profanely cursed the near mare for stumbling. He looked straight in front of him and said no word, but the left corner of his left eye flickered in my direction.

"And if," continued the old lady, "if we find a thing so dreffel as all that steam and sulphur allowed on the face of the earth, mustn't we believe that there is something ten thousand times more terrible below prepared un*toe* our destruction?"

Some people have a wonderful knack of extracting comfort from things. I am ashamed to say I agreed ostentatiously with the old lady. She developed the personal view of the matter.

"*Now* I shall be able to say something to Anna Fincher about her way of living. Sha'n't I, Blake?" This to her husband.

"Yes," said he, speaking slowly after a heavy tiffin. "But the girl's a good girl"; and they fell to arguing as to whether the luckless Anna Fincher really stood in need of lectures edged with Hell fire (she went to dances, I believe), while I got out and walked in the dust alongside of Tom.

"I drive blame cur'ous kinder folk through this place," said he. "Blame cur'ous. 'Seems a pity that they should ha' come so far just to liken Norris Basin to Hell. 'Guess Chicago would ha' served 'em, speaking in comparison, jest as good."

Then the sun began to sink, and there was a taste of frost about, and we went swiftly from the forest into the open, dashed across a branch of the Firehole River and found a wood shanty, even rougher than the last, at which, after a forty-mile drive, we were to dine and sleep. Half a mile from this place stood, on the banks of the Firehole River, a "beaver-lodge," and there were rumours of bears and other cheerful monsters in the woods on the hill at the back of the building.

In the cool, crisp quiet of the evening I sought that river, and found a pile of newly gnawed sticks and twigs. The beaver works with the cold-chisel, and a few clean strokes suffice to level a four-inch bole. Across the water on the far bank glimmered, with the ghastly white of peeled dead timber, the beaver-lodge—a mass of dishevelled branches. The inhabitants had dammed the stream lower down and spread it into a nice little lake. The question was would they come out for their walk before it got too dark to see. They came—blessings on their blunt muzzles, they came—as shadows come, drifting down the stream, stirring neither foot nor tail. There were three of them. One went down to investigate the state of the dam; the other two began to look for supper. There is only one thing more startling than the noiselessness of a tiger in the jungle, and that is the noiselessness of a beaver in the water. The straining ear could catch no sound whatever till they began to eat the thick green river-scudge that they call beaver-grass. I, bowed among the logs, held my breath and stared with all my eyes. They were not ten yards from me, and they would have eaten their dinner in peace so long as I had kept absolutely still. They were dear and desirable beasts, and I was just preparing to creep a step nearer when that wicked old lady from Chicago clattered down the bank, an umbrella in her hand, shrieking: "Beavers, beavers! Young man, whurr are those beavers? Good Lord! What was that now?"

The solitary watcher might have heard a pistol shot ring through the air. I wish it had killed the old lady, but it was only the beaver giving warning of danger with the slap of his tail on the water. It was exactly like the "phink" of a

pistol fired with damp powder. Then there were no more beavers—not a whisker-end. The lodge, however, was there, and a beast lower than any beaver began to throw stones at it because the old lady from Chicago said: "P'raps, if you rattle them up they'll come out. I do so want to see a beaver."

THERE WAS A PLAIN, blistered and peeled and abominable, and it was given over to the sportings and spoutings of devils who threw mud and steam and dirt at each other with whoops and halloos and bellowing curses. The place smelt of the refuse of the Pit, and that odour mixed with the clean, wholesome aroma of the pines in our nostrils throughout the day. We passed hot streams boiling in the forest; saw whiffs of steam beyond these, and yet other whiffs breaking through the misty green hills in the far distance; we trampled on sulphur, and sniffed things much worse than any sulphur which is known to the upper world; and so came upon a park-like place where Tom suggested we should get out and play with the geysers.

Imagine mighty green fields splattered with lime beds: all the flowers of the summer growing up to the very edge of the lime. That was the first glimpse of the geyser basins. The buggy had pulled up close to a rough, broken, blistered cone of stuff between ten and twenty feet high. There was trouble in that place—moaning, splashing, gurgling, and the clank of machinery. A spurt of boiling water jumped into the air and a wash of water followed. I removed swiftly. The old lady from Chicago shrieked. "What a wicked waste!" said her husband.

We drifted on up that miraculous valley. On either side of us were hills from a thousand to fifteen feet high and wooded from heel to crest. As far as the eye could range forward were columns of steam in the air, misshapen lumps of lime, most like preadamite monsters, still pools of turquoise blue, stretches of blue corn-flowers, a river that coiled on itself twenty times, boulders of strange colours, and ridges of glaring, staring white.

The old lady from Chicago poked with her parasol at the pools as though they had been alive. On one particularly innocent-looking little puddle she turned her back for a moment, and there rose behind her a twenty-foot column of water and steam. Then she shrieked and protested that "she never thought it would ha' done it," and the old man chewed his tobacco steadily, and mourned for steam-power wasted.

We went over to Old Faithful, who by reason of his faithfulness has benches close to him whence you may comfortably watch. At the appointed hour we heard the water flying up and down the mouth with the sob of waves in a cave. Then came the preliminary gouts, then a roar and a rush, and that glittering column of diamonds rose, quivered, stood still for a minute. Then it broke, and the rest was a confused snarl of water not thirty feet high. All the young ladies—not more than twenty—in the tourist band remarked that it was "elegant," and betook themselves to writing their names in the bottoms of shallow pools. Nature fixes the insult indelibly, and the after-years will learn that "Hattie," "Sadie," "Mamie," "Sophie," and so forth, have taken out their hair-pins and scrawled in the face of Old Faithful.

THERE WAS A MAIDEN—a very trim maiden—who had just stepped out of one of Mr. [Henry] James's novels. She owned a delightful mother and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance. The parents thought that their daughter wanted change. She lived in New Hampshire. Accordingly, she had dragged them up to Alaska, to the Yosemite Valley, and was now returning leisurely *via* the Yellowstone just in time for the tail-end of the summer season at Saratoga. We had met once or twice before in the Park, and I had been amazed and amused at her critical commendation of the wonders that she saw. From that very resolute little mouth I received a lecture on American literature, the nature and inwardness of Washington society, the precise value of Cable's works as compared with "Uncle Remus" Harris, and a few other things that had nothing whatever to do with geysers, but were altogether delightful. Now an English maiden who had stumbled on a dust-grimed, lime-washed, sun-peeled, collarless wanderer come from and going to goodness knows where, would, her mother inciting her and her father brandishing his umbrella, have regarded him as a dissolute adventurer. No so those delightful people from New Hampshire. They were good enough to treat me—it sounds almost incredible—as a human being, possibly respectable, probably not in immediate need of financial assistance. Papa talked pleasantly and to the point. The little maiden strove valiantly with the accent of her birth and that of her reading, and mamma smiled benignly in the background.

Balance this with a story of a young English idiot I met knocking about inside his high collars, attended by a valet. He condescended to tell me that "you can't be too careful who you talk to in these parts," and stalked on, fearing, I suppose, every minute for his social chastity. Now that man was a barbarian (I took occasion to tell him so), for he comported himself after the manner of the head-hunters of Assam, who are at perpetual feud one with another.

Next morning Tom drove us on, promising new wonders. He pulled up after a few miles at a clump of brushwood where an army was drowning. I could hear the sick gasps and thumps of the men going under, but when I broke through the brushwood the hosts had fled, and there were only pools of pink, black, and white lime, thick as turbid honey. They shot up a pat of mud every minute or two, choking in the effort. It was an uncanny sight. Do you wonder that in the old days the Indians were careful to avoid the Yellowstone? Geysers are permissible, but mud is terrifying. The old lady from Chicago took a piece of it, and in half an hour it died into lime-dust and blew away between her fingers. All *maya*—illusion—you see! Then we clinked over sulphur in crystals; there was a waterfall of boiling water; and a road across a level park hotly contested by the beavers. Every winter they build their dam and flood the low-lying land; every summer that dam is torn up by the Government, and for half a mile you must

plough axle-deep in water, the willows brushing into the buggy, and little waterways branching off right and left. The road is the main stream—just like the Bolan line in flood. If you turn up a byway, there is no more of you, and the beavers work your buggy into next year's dam.

Then came soft, turfy forest that deadened the wheels. We came to a mighty hill all strewn with moss agates, and everybody had to get out and pant in that thin air. But how intoxicating it was! The old lady from Chicago clucked like an emancipated hen as she scuttled about the road cramming pieces of rock into her reticule. She sent me fifty yards down the hill to pick up a piece of broken bottle which she insisted was moss agate. "I've some o'that at home an' they shine. You go get it, young feller."

As we climbed the long path the road grew viler and viler till it became without disguise the bed of a torrent; and just when things were at their rockiest we emerged into a little sapphire lake—but never sapphire was so blue—called Mary's Lake; and that between eight and nine thousand feet above the sea. Then came grass downs, all on a vehement slope, so that the buggy following the new-made road ran on to the two off-wheels mostly, till we dipped head-first into a ford, climbed up a cliff, raced along a down, dipped again and pulled up dishevelled at "Larry's" for lunch and an hour's rest. Only "Larry" could have managed that school-feast tent on the lonely hillside. Need I say that he was an Irishman? His supplies were at their lowest ebb, but Larry enveloped us all in the golden glamour of his speech ere we had descended, and the tent with the rude trestle-table became a palace, the rough fare, delicacies of Delmonico, and we, the abashed recipients of Larry's imperial bounty. It was only later that I discovered I had paid eight shillings for tinned beef, biscuits, and beer, but on the other hand Larry had said: "Will I go out an' kill a buffalo?" And I felt that for me and for me alone would he have done it. Everybody else felt that way. Good luck go with Larry!

"An' now you'll all go an' wash your pocket-handkerchiefs in that beautiful hot spring round the corner," said he. "There's soap an' a washboard ready, an' 'tis not every day that ye can get hot water for nothing." He waved us large-handedly to the open downs while he put the tent to rights. There was no sense of fatigue in the body or distance in the air. Hill and dale rode on the eye-ball. I could have clutched the far-off snowy peaks by putting out my hand. Never was such maddening air. Why we should have washed pocket-handkerchiefs Larry alone knows. It appeared to be a sort of religious rite. In a little valley overhung with gay painted rocks ran a stream of velvet brown and pink. It was hot—hotter than the hand could bear—and it coloured the boulders in its course.

There was the maiden from New Hampshire, the old lady from Chicago, papa, mamma, and all the rest of them, gravely bending over a washboard and soap. Mysterious virtues lay in that queer stream. It turned the linen white as driven snow in five minutes, and then we lay on the grass and laughed with sheer bliss of being alive. This have I known once in Japan, once on the banks of the Columbia, what time the salmon came in, and once again in the Yellowstone by the light of the eyes of the maiden from New Hampshire.

"This evening we shall do the grand cañon of the Yellowstone?" said the maiden.

"Together?" said I; and she said yes.

The sun was sinking when we heard the roar of falling waters and came to a broad river along whose banks we ran. And then—oh, then! I might at a pinch describe the infernal regions, but not the other place. Be it known to you that the Yellowstone River has occasion to run through a gorge about eight miles long. To get to the bottom of the gorge it makes two leaps, one of about two hundred and twenty and the other of three hundred feet. I investigated the upper or lesser fall, which is close to the hotel. Up to that time nothing particular happens to the Yellowstone, its banks being only rocky, rather steep, and plentifully adorned with pines. At the falls it comes round a corner, green, solid, ribbed with a little foam and not more than thirty yards wide. Then it goes over still green and rather more solid than before. After a minute or two you, sitting upon a rock directly above the drop, begin to understand that something has occurred; that the river has jumped a huge distance between solid cliff walls and what looks like the gentle froth of ripples lapping the sides of the gorge below is really the outcome of great waves. And the river yells aloud; but the cliffs do not allow the yells to escape.

That inspection began with curiosity and finished in terror, for it seemed that the whole world was sliding in chrysolite from under my feet. I followed with the others round the corner to arrive at the brink of the cañon: we had to climb up a nearly perpendicular ascent to begin with, for the ground rises more than the river drops. Stately pine woods fringe either lip of the gorge, which is—the Gorge of the Yellowstone.

All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep with eagles and fish-hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of colour—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port-wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon, and silver-grey, in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran—a finger-wide strip of jade-green.

Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that cañon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood-red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form; but the sense of blinding colour remained. When I reached the mainland again I had sworn that I had been floating. The maid from New Hampshire said no word for a very long time. She then quoted poetry, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done. **AW**

Rudyard Kipling's letters from America appear in From Sea to Sea, Letters of Travel, Part II *(New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899).*

Jeanne Carr

(Continued from page 33)

the colonists are delighted with the prospect of your coming," Congar said, "& I am told that the nurserymen . . . express a desire for you to make your selection of fruit & other trees gratis from their stocks." It was a welcome offer. About twenty-five acres of the property were planted in barley, and the rest, unplowed since Spanish times, was covered with weeds.

Shortly before Jeanne Carr moved to Pasadena, Muir had written her, "I wonder if you will really go quietly away South when your office term expires and rest in the afternoon of your life among your kin and orange leaves." Plaintively he added, "I've seen nothing of you all these fighting years."

THE FIGHTING YEARS were over, but there was little time to rest. Her husband's health and mind had failed, and Jeanne Carr had the responsibility of transforming a wilderness, making a home there, and supporting her family. During her first year in Pasadena, she was a school teacher and principal. One of her classroom visitors was the author and reformer Caroline Dall, who described Jeanne Carr "with a face as strong and cheery as the sun itself . . . a compact little woman in a bright calico dress. . . . Had been giving the children a lesson in the geography of Passadina [*sic*]. They had no idea that geography had anything to do with the place they lived in, and were much surprised at being asked to draw a map of their schoolyard."

In an admiring article called "One Woman and Sunshine," author Helen Hunt Jackson told how Jeanne Carr worked to make a "wilderness, not only blossom, but repay the cost of its blossoming." Standing up on a Studebaker wagon, Jeanne Carr surveyed the sun-scorched acres and planned her estate in every detail. House and roads; orchards and vineyard; flower beds, shade trees, and hedges: she "placed, spaced, and allotted them all. It was a marvelous piece of landscape engineering: hardly less than a sort of 'second sight' . . . which could only have come to a person whose relations with nature were of the closest, and of long standing."

Muir wrote Jeanne Carr, "I suppose nothing less than an *Exhaustive* miniature of all the leafy creatures of the globe will satisfy your Pasadena aspirations." He understood her well. By 1890 she had planted about two hundred varieties of trees and shrubs representing species from both hemispheres. Friends sent her seeds and cuttings collected on their travels, and she introduced California natives like the hollyleaf cherry and the fuchsia-flowered gooseberry, which she found in the San Gabriel Mountains behind her home.

Neither Ned nor Al Carr had married, and they now helped with the extensive grounds and with the care of their father. A Chinese cook prepared meals for the family and for their many guests.

Because she intended Carmelita to be self-sustaining, Jeanne Carr planted a large variety of nuts, berries, grapes, and citrus as well as deciduous fruits representing the "pomological alphabet from A-pple to Z-isiphus, or the jujube." She also planted several mulberry trees to feed her colony of silkworms. In his delightful little book *The Story of Carmelita,* Charles Francis Saunders wrote that the silkworms were eventually disposed of because "they became a nuisance, working out of their boxes, dropping from the ceiling to crawl on people's necks, or to get mashed underfoot." Another Pasadenan remembered, "All that materialized of the silk industry at Carmelita was a pair of portieres of the cocoons strung together with eucalyptus buds."

Jeanne Carr had dreamed of creating an industrial university to "prepare young women for a woman's business in the family and on the farm." When she built her home at Carmelita it was large enough for a family of twenty. Here, according to Helen Hunt Jackson, "other women were to come and learn of her the blessedness of outdoor work: all outdoor industries . . . possible to women were to be taught, and practically taught, on her estate and under her roof. Raisin making, fig making, fruit canning, silk raising, all were on her list." The project was delayed, however, and eventually abandoned.

An 1883 article about Pasadena described the Carrs' home as probably the handsomest private structure built that year. At $7000 it was also the most expensive. To pay for it, Jeanne Carr sold a parcel of land in Pasadena's business center. In five years the value of the property had soared—from $75 an acre to $2000 according to Helen Hunt Jackson.

The financial return from the vineyard and orchard was less satisfactory. As Jeanne Carr wrote many years later, "There were serious burdens to be borne even in a natural paradise." She had to cope with agricultural pests, the vagaries of weather, and problems in marketing.

Eventually Jeanne Carr relinquished her dream of earning a living from the soil and opened a boarding house at Carmelita, "which attracted an unusually pleasant and cultured class of guests." In addition to the main house there was a rustic cabin that served as male retreat, library, and study. The exterior was of logs from a cypress hedge cut down when Colorado Street was widened. The interior was of oak, curly redwood, and Port Orford cedar. Discarded tiles from Mission San Fernando floored the hearth, and a granite holy-water font rescued from the chicken yard at the Pala Mission stood by the fireplace. Furniture ranged from a magnificent Napoleonic desk to a curious hatrack made from buffalo horns and an agave stalk. Family heirlooms mingled with antiquities from Pompeii, rare agates from the Urals, and such mementos as a Venetian stiletto from Jeanne Carr's friend actress Helena Modjeska and a cut-glass inkwell from another old friend, Edwin Booth. There were watercolors of California wild flowers painted by William Keith, and there were French lithographs of

flowers grown from seeds that Jeanne Carr had sent to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

According to legend, Helen Hunt Jackson wrote parts of *Ramona* in the cabin. This is only legend, but it is true that she visited Carmelita many times and sometimes worked there on her notes. She often went driving with Jeanne Carr and learned much from her about the Southern California countryside. It was Jeanne Carr who first showed her golden fields of wild mustard, a setting she used for the famous scene where Ramona and Father Salvierderra meet.

In 1885 Jeanne Carr wrote an article about her friend Helen Hunt Jackson for the *Woman's Journal,* whose editors had expressed *"a most unanimous wish"* that she be its West Coast correspondent. Jeanne Carr had written for publication since the age of twenty-one, when she had a story accepted by the *Temperance Herald.* Over the years she contributed articles to many newspapers and magazines, including the *Californian.* Her usual topics were women, education, horticulture, or local history. She wrote chapters for several Southern California guidebooks and for *Picturesque California,* of which John Muir was editor, and she contributed poetry to Charles Lummis's *Land of Sunshine.* For a time she served as first vice-president of the Woman's Press Association, founded by her friend Emelie Parkhurst. Charles Lummis paid tribute to her as a person "of some consequence in California letters," and the Los Angeles *Daily Times* praised her "effective array of interesting facts, her compact and luminous style, and her graceful diction."

JEANNE CARR had a long record of public service. She held such varied appointments in California as deputy superintendent of public instruction, member of the Commission of Silk Culture, and resident inspector of vineyards. She taught school in both Northern and Southern California and stressed the ideals of the New Education. She was a member of the Oakland Library Association which named her friend, poet Ina Coolbrith, city librarian, and was secretary of the Pasadena Free Library and Village Improvement Association, which had two goals dear to her: to build a free library and reading room and to make Pasadena's streets, parks, and public grounds "models of rural beauty." Charles Lummis wrote that Jeanne Carr, "in her simpler time counted for as much as a whole tally of women's clubs does today." She continued active into her sixties, still gardening, still writing for publication, working to preserve the missions, and serving as a trustee of Throop Polytechnic Institute. Lummis recalled her as always cheery, a "tiny, withered cricket" of a woman.

At the age of sixty-five she came once more to the assistance of John Muir, who was campaigning to make Yosemite a national park. Within an hour of reading an unjust accusation against Muir in a San Francisco newspaper, she had boarded a train and hurried north to talk with someone influential in the press. After this interview, no more was heard of the accusation.

In 1892, Jeanne Carr sold her home and about eleven acres to Simeon Reed, the Oregon millionaire whose fortune endowed Reed College. Moving to a house on property adjoining Carmelita, she confided to a friend, "I am the busiest woman in Los Angeles County, I verily believe—have my family cares unchanged and undiminished since you knew me. Three men depend mostly on me. Dr. Carr has never been able even to take care of himself, and at times requiring much care and watchful solicitude."

Ezra Carr died in 1894. "Poor old man," a neighbor wrote. "He outlived his usefulness." After her husband's death, Jeanne Carr felt herself "always busy, yet never necessary to the happiness of anyone." She worried about her finances and about settling her son Al in some safe and permanent business. "All this makes for mental and physical depression, which only God can relieve—by transporting me wherever there is soil and sunshine." In 1897 her mind failed, and she lost interest even in the plants and flowers she had loved so long.

Jeanne Carr once told a friend she would like to spend her last days in "a *wild* place not too far from post office and base of supplies." Instead, she entered the Crocker Home for Old Ladies in San Francisco. Later a brother of Dr. Carr's in Templeton, California, became her guardian. Muir and others expressed concern about her well-being, but she remained in Templeton until her death at the age of seventy-eight on December 14, 1903.

In her own day Jeanne Carr was widely known as a feminist, botanist, author, and officeholder. She played a leading role in the California Grange and worked vigorously for educational reform. She was a celebrated gardener and made Carmelita not only a showplace but a symbol of what one woman could accomplish.

Time and the bulldozer have destroyed the famous garden, but Pasadena has named the site a cultural heritage landmark. Today the memory of Jeanne Carr best survives in two slim books: John Muir's *Letters to a Friend* and Charles Francis Saunders's *Story of Carmelita.* They recall a woman of spirit and vision who helped bring beauty and culture to a city and who supported and helped mould the man she called "the Poet-Naturalist of our Coast." **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Jeanne Carr's papers are collected in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and the author acknowledges with thanks permission to use and quote from them.

Shirley Sargent's *John Muir in Yosemite* (1971) and Linnie Marsh Wolfe's *Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir* (1945) both have interesting accounts of the role Jeanne Carr played in John Muir's life. Many of Muir's letters to Jeanne Carr are reprinted in his *Letters to a Friend* (1915 and 1973) and in *The Life and Letters of John Muir* by William Frederic Badé (1924).

The University of California 1868–1968 by Verne A. Stadtman (1970) discusses Ezra Carr in relation to the controversy between the Grange and the university, while Charles Francis Saunders's *Story of Carmelita: Its Associations and Its Trees* (1928) is a charming introduction to Jeanne Carr and her Pasadena home.

Jane Apostol *is a free-lance writer especially interested in early settlers of the Pasadena area.*

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1978 Western History Association Conference

Though formerly at the Springs there was seen a good deal of rough gambling, drinking, and shooting life so common in border States, at present the town is as quiet and orderly as any watering place in the East.
Harper's Magazine, January 1878

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, site of this year's Western History Association Conference on October 11–14, was at one time a mecca for invalids seeking the curative powers of the hot mineral pools which give the town its name. With the health seekers came the wealth seekers, according to *Harper's*, and charlatan physicians brandishing bogus certificates arrived in droves to take advantage of the naive hopefuls. Today, the "veriest quacks" that *Harper's* reported are a thing of the past, but Hot Springs continues to retain its historic atmosphere. Special events coinciding with the WHA Conference, planned so that participants might sample some of that flavor, include a tour of nearby Old Washington, once the Confederate state capital, an Ozark music festival, and the Hot Springs Octoberfest. Former Arkansas congressman Brooks Hays will speak at the annual banquet on "Requiem for the Frontier."

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